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TOUR

THROUGH

SEVERAL DEPARTMENTS OF FRANCE.

Mode of loading & drawing the Wine Carts.

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THROUGH SEVERAL OF THE

MIDLAND AND WESTERN DEPARTMENTS

OF

FRANCE,

IN THE MONTHS OF JUNE, JULY, AUGUST, AND SEPTEMBER, 1802.

With Remarks on the

MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND AGRICULTURE

OF

THE COUNTRY.

BY

THE REV. W. HUGHES.

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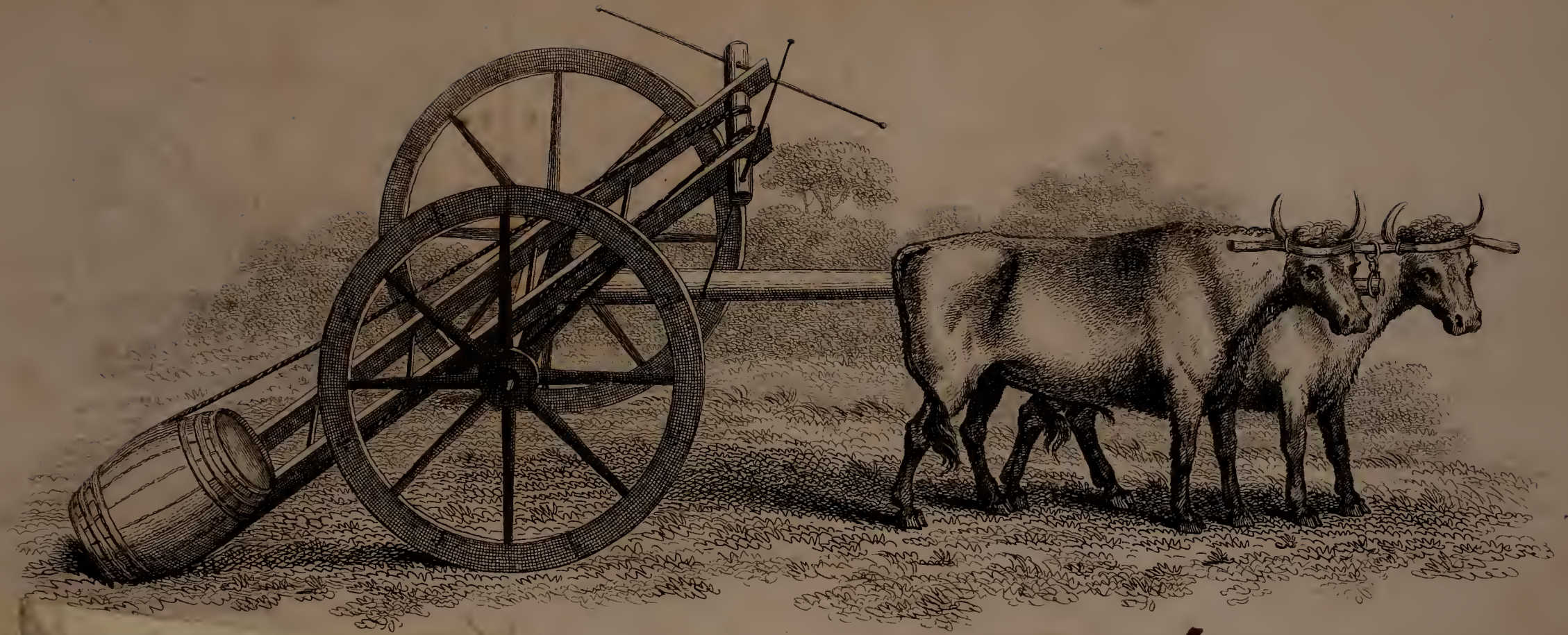

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PREFACE.

IT will presently be perceived, that the following narrative of a Tour through parts of France but seldom visited by Englishmen, has little more to recommend it than its path "almost untrodden," and the few anecdotes with which it is interspersed. In fact, it is neither more nor less than a series of memorandums and reflections penned sometimes upon the road; sometimes at the inns upon it, and that it commonly partakes, as will be expected, of pain and pleasure; of admiration and disgust; and is tinctured with the lassitude and feeble exhaustion of the weary days on which it was written.

Nothing could be farther from the writer's mind, than the idea of thus appearing before the public. When the task of stringing his notes together was undertaken, his highest ambition was by inserting them in that vehicle of monthly amusement, *The Visitor*, to gratify the anxious curiosity of friends who were kindly interested in his and the adventures of his fellow-traveller, and to furnish them with the information relative to the present state of France, which in common with the rest of mankind, they were anxious to obtain; but, when the manuscript was presented to the editors of that popular work, it was recommended to bring it forward in its present form, as the best means of promoting the effect intended. Nought therefore remained but to disappoint those to whom he had pledged himself—appear *thus* before the world, or transcribe as many copies as were requisite for the accommodation of a numerous connection; a

task

task which he was by no means disposed to undertake. Averse as he is to the toil of transcribing his own productions, he would however once more have toiled through the following pages, corrected his plan, and rendered the construction of his sentences less faulty, had not the immediate return to the continent which he contemplates, rendered it utterly impracticable: not that he is by any means assured that the result would have been worth the pains. —The creature of a day will live but a day, trick it out as gaily as you will—wishing only to inform and amuse an affectionate and much loved circle, facts alone will be demanded of him. If those facts, unartificially detailed interest their feelings, and with pleasure fill up an idle hour, he is acquitted—if others read them with approbation, he is more than paid. Of the drawings, he has only to regret that they were not finished with a more masterly hand; to every rule of perspective he is an utter stranger.

stranger. From his rude sketches, female friendship has however formed what is fully sufficient to develope his ideas: had he held a more expert pencil, he would have enriched the volume with many other equally interesting representations.

LONDON,
MARCH, 1803.

A

TOUR

THROUGH

SEVERAL DEPARTMENTS OF FRANCE.

IN order to form an opinion of the manners of a people, it is necessary that we reside amongst them: the character is ascertained by a variety of circumstances of which the hasty passenger can form no conception; and not unfrequently it happens, that as soon as he lands upon a foreign shore, he lifts up his hands in admiration, and is astonished at the inconceivable folly and absurdity of customs, which, ere he is six weeks older, he finds are the result of long experience and observation, and most expressly adapted to the circumstances of the people who adopt them; for this reason my journal is not to be considered as containing an exact account of every thing which occurs as it absolutely is, but as it appeared to me. I shall detail the occurrences which took place, with the impressions made upon my mind,

and leave it to experience to teach me how far my sensations were fastidious, and how far they were not.

June 15, at seven in the evening, about twenty of us took our stations in a little cock-boat, at Brighthelmstone; and, after an hour's row, got safely shipped on board the Lark, bound to Dieppe. Many of us had never been at sea before, and, of course, our expectations of the storms and tempests, shipwrecks, and hair-breadth escapes, which always overtake us in our first voyage, ran very high. Happily, we passed the night without alarm; and, at break of day, found ourselves, to our very great mortification, just under the English shore still: the calm was perfect; it was impossible for invention itself to make a storm of it, or to extract a single circumstance from the occurrences of the night, with which to fill the budget of gaping wonder; it being impossible to command the winds, we had nothing to do but to submit. About the close of the second evening, we found ourselves nearly half-seas over; and, with all due reverence for the mandates of inevitable necessity, we retired a second time to our cots---I had almost said to our coffins, for a ship's bed and a coffin are nearly of the same size and construction; but, ere the sun was well risen (a sight which, by the bye, is glorious when viewed from the deck in calm weather) we were roused

roused from our slumbers by the gabbling of the French pilots, whose sharp-sighted poverty had descried us, and were got along side: in a few moments, a meagre-faced, shrivelled old fellow, with a woollen night-cap on his head, and a short stinking pipe in his mouth, jumped on board, and seized the helm; had we been at Billingsgate the clamour would have been less. The tide had dropped ere we arrived upon the coast; of course we had nothing to do but to cast anchor; and, the wind freshening a little, it will be concluded that the motion of the ship became very acceptable to those who were already qualmish and incommoded by the length of the passage. However, we all contrived to leave the *settling of our accounts* to some future opportunity; and, at the appointed signal made for the Pier-head, it was impossible not to notice the awkwardness of the French seamen as they worked the vessel into harbour. The pilot felt it; and, the expression of his smoke-dried distorted visage, as often as they ran it aground, would have been amusing, had we not apprehended, from the agony which his features expressed, some real danger. The first glance of the French coast presents us with nothing which is very interesting: the harbour of Dieppe is fine and well situated; in war, it generally fits out a great number of small privateers, which annoy the trade of the Channel; and was formerly, on this account, bombarded by the com-

bined English and Dutch fleets, and completely demolished; the piers having been unhappily neglected during the convulsions of the revolution, are gone to decay; the channel is choaked with sand and gravel, and it may be doubted whether it be possible to restore it to its pristine state. The aspect of the town, as you approach it, is deplorable, though completely uniform in consequence of its comparative modern erection, and laid out in forms very far superior to those commonly seen in France; yet, wretchedness is painted on every feature; the houses have, apparently, been untouched by the hand of repair from their primitive erection; their fronts are blackened by neglect, like a smelting-house; the windows, which reach from the cieling to the floor, and are furnished with balconies of wrought-iron, *once* elegant, are generally garnished with old stockings, old shirts, night-caps, and children's linen, and, in short, all the contents of the laundry; spiders, and vermin of a hundred sorts, have tenanted, undisturbed, every corner; and the accumulated filth of generations, long since mouldering in the dust, almost renders the glass impervious: in short, the *tout-ensemble* is poverty in the extreme. To account for all this, we must look to a higher source than the revolution. It is, by no means, the effect of any thing modern; it is the result of abuses which flourished under the Bourbons; but, for the oppressions

pressions of the antient government, there is no reason to be assigned why an English port should bear the aspect of *comfort*, a French port the aspect of *misery*. Dieppe is, as we before said, well situated; its quays are excellent; its harbour is spacious; and many a port in England far inferior to it in accommodation; carries on a trade which scatters blessings upon its inhabitants: but, on the one, liberty has planted its standard ---the other crouches the victim of despotism. Since the peace, the solemn stillness which, for many a tedious year, had reigned in its custom-house, its docks, &c. has given place to bustle and activity. The first English packet which came over was welcomed with shouts of joy; and the scarcity of corn which, in the earlier part of the year, prevailed over France, has brought to it fleets of English, Swedish, and Danish vessels, so that the port seems now to be tolerably occupied, and devoted to the purposes which nature contemplated in its formation; and, ere long, we may hope to see some taste for cleanliness introduced also; the furniture and floors of the houses disrobed of their accumulated coats of filth; and neatness, comfort, and propriety succeeding to squallid wretchedness. The pavement of the streets is execrable, and ill contrived; a Frenchman has not yet conceived the idea of a public sewer beneath the surface of the earth; one grand receptacle of filth is hollowed out along

the midway of every avenue, with collateral branches to right and left, connecting with the kitchen, &c. of every house, if they have one (which is very seldom the case), of course, as you drive along, if you are in a French equipage, your joints are liable to dislocation every moment: if you are in your own, you are tossed about like a cock-boat upon a rolling sea, and may think yourself extremely fortunate if you escape through the barrier without a broken head, or fractured spring.

Of the public buildings and erections, I have little to say, being in too much haste to examine whether there were any worth attention or not. The promenade, on the ramparts, is beautiful; in the middle of the town there is a salt spring, possessing, I presume, the same diarhætic qualities with other springs of the same taste; other curiosities I believe there are none.

Having spent the afternoon and night at Dieppe, to recruit the fatigues of our voyage---on the 18th we pursued our journey towards Rouen, but in a mode which the pencil of Hogarth alone can describe: the post-horses being here farmed by the government, no one is permitted to furnish the traveller with relays but the constituted post-master. You must take, therefore, the horses and the harnesses which he is pleased to give you; and,

and, as long as you are cantered along, at the rate of six miles an hour, without breaking your neck, it is supposed that all things are well, and you have no right to complain---in fact, you may as well be silent. The horses may be spavined, broken-winded, stumbling, lean as Rosinante, and chaffed, and galled from head to tail, it matters not; with all this you have nothing to do. His business is not to humour your fastidiousness, but to get you to the end of the stage; and, this being accomplished, he, or rather his agent, holds up his hand for the "*Argent*," which the government has authorised him to demand, though, it must be confessed, that the stranger has seldom reason to complain of the cattle; they are rough as savages, and all of the masculine gender; but they are alert, and drag him along with safety and with speed. With the Voiture the post-master has no concern, unless you have brought a carriage with you from England. The *Aubugiste* furnishes you with one himself, or procures one for you at the *remise*: of course your accommodation in *this* respect is, in some degree, proportioned to the price you are disposed to pay. I say in *some degree;* for no money can obtain for you an equipage, comparable in neatness and convenience, to an English pedlar's cart; take the most execrable of the Brentford stages, it is elegant, it is comfortable, compared to a French diligence; for this reason, no

English family should think of travelling in France without taking over an old post-chaise with them: to introduce a good one upon the French roads would be a sin against common-sense, and only serve to poison the pleasures of the excursion. A Frenchman, from habit, can bear shocks and convulsions which would dislocate the vertebræ of a Sampson. When you have fixed upon your vehicle, the passengers, the trunks, the wheels are all counted---size and weight are totally out of the question; had you Bright of Maldon, or an infant at the breast, for a fellow-traveller, you must have a horse for each; in short, you must pay for as many horses as you have passengers, whether *in* the carriage, *behind it*, or on the box, together with the prescribed number of postilions, if they attend you or not; all of which is expressly stipulated in the *ordonnances* of the government. * Having arranged how many horses, how

* On the post-roads travellers have to pay twopence halfpenny per mile for each horse, and one penny farthing per mile to each postilion, who is forbidden to demand, or receive more, though tenpence is generally given; and, should he feel himself dissatisfied, insult, or give umbrage to the passenger, in any respect, there is to be found, at every post-house, a book, regularly paged and lined, which the post-master is compelled to produce on demand. In this book you enter your complaint, and the inspector-general, when he traverses the departments to superintend and regulate

how many postilions you are to pay for, at the appointed hour your *voiture* comes to your door ---but such a cumbersome piece of antiquity as would, long since, have been consigned, on the English side of the water, to the galleries of the British museum, or to the flames.

Two parties of our fellow-passengers went off immediately after landing; the one in a *Berlin*, the other in a *Cabriolet*; and, though surrounded by hundreds of the natives, some gazing with curiosity, others tweaking our elbows, and, with weazand-distorted countenances, miserable marks of poverty, begging "*le noble captaine*," and the "*tres belle demoiselle pour l'amour de dieu*," to pity them; and, promising how ardently they

late the affairs of his office, will not fail to punish an offence according to its degree; for this reason, and to preserve order and activity, he is enjoined never to quit his station without leaving a responsible substitute. And the postilion bears upon his arm a ticket similar to that carried by the Smithfield-drovers, specifying his own identity, and the relay to which he belongs. In general, travellers are compelled to take as many horses as they have companions and postilions, none of which can have more than three horses under their care; but, in cases where two-wheel carriages contain but two passengers, they may compromise the matter with the post-master, by paying for two horses and a half. At the barrier, this may be an object worth attention.

would

would pray to the Virgin to bless us, it was impossible to refrain from laughter; by the bye, had a company of Frenchmen, fresh landed in Britain, presumed to treat its conveyances---or, in short, any thing English, with as little ceremony, John Bull would have growled like an angry bear, and, most probably, broken their heads, by way of teaching them a proper deference for the manners and customs of foreign nations. At Dieppe, the Frenchmen joined in the laugh, and were as much amused with the grotesque contrivances of their countrymen as we. The Berlin is a large cumbersome German coach, constructed sometime about the commencement of the former century: within, it has accommodation for the usual number of passengers; and, in the front, i. e. betwixt the front-back and the horses, it has a seat for three others, with an awning *knee-boot*, and oil-case curtain, to preserve them from the inclemency of the weather---this is called the Cabriolet of the Berlin. On account of the narrowness of the streets in all the continental towns, this curious compound is crane-necked, and painted and varnished in a style which *once* was splendid.

The *Cabriolet* at a distance looks something like an English one horse-chaise, but infinitely clumsier. It is constructed wholly of heart of oak, and descends from father to son with the family estate if

if there be one. Its timbers are not a line more slender than the corresponding timbers of a Yorkshire waggon, and its weight may probably be about half a ton: sometimes it is furnished with what are called springs, and there may be elasticity in them, but compared with them the springs of an English mail-coach, are flexible and tender. This is the vehicle most commonly resorted to by travellers in the country, and it is certainly well adapted to it. Nevertheless, its weight and clumsiness must unquestionably do infinitely more towards reducing it to its first principles than the villainous pavements over which it is rattled.

The harness perfectly corresponds with the *voiture*. The saddle bears some distant resemblance to the one on the back of our thill cart horse, but is far more inelegant; the collar beggars all description; the traces are formed of ropes which have snapped an hundred times, and been as often knotted and spliced by the postilions. Bridle is commonly dispensed with, a leathern halter supplies its place, furnished with the *wirtner* only, which is on the side next to the driver to preserve the eye from the back stroke of his whip. When as many are used, the horses run three a-breast, in consequence of which the middlemost tugs along as in a furnace, and foams and sweats in a manner which is painfully distressing. The one on which the postilion is mounted, has, however,

however, the worst *birth* of the three. It is attached to the splinter-bar as well as the others, and has its full share of the resistance to surmount. In addition to this, it has besides to carry an enormous pair of jack-boots, which added to the party-coloured character occupying them, form a load fully sufficient for the sinews of the strongest beast without participating with the common business behind them. I have never seen any thing in England which can be admitted into competition with this chef-d'œuvre of superlative awkwardness! It is formed indeed of leather, but pipe-staves would have served as well; within, it is hooped with rings of iron, and at the knee, padded out with goats' hair, wool and straw, and weighs about twenty-five pounds each. We need not say, that it is by no means an easy atchievement to vault into a postilion's saddle; however, having accomplished it, Rosinante may trot rough as the spavin and hard service can make him---if he has any mettle left he may caper and prance, there is not the least reason to apprehend that his rider can be displaced ---he may tumble down, but were an elephant to roll his mighty sides across the leg, it would remain in perfect safety beneath the iron-arch.

As to symmetry and elegance of form, it enters as much into the brains of the horse as of the *Maitre de Poste*, and one would imagine, that the

the strength of a post-horse, like Sampson's, was seated in his locks, or that it were the unpardonable sin to pluck a hair from its mane, or prune the bushment about its heels---here and there a postilion impelled by necessity weaves a few oaten straws into the tails of his stallions, and then attaches the extremity to the crupper to raise it out of the mud, but the mane is absolutely left to nature and its tangles are unviolated by the comb; what with little care would become a beauteous object is now permitted to degenerate into a filthy and disgusting deformity.

As soon as your baggage is bound on, which during the operation is *sacre dieu'd* as completely as an Englishman would blast it, and you are seated with your heart of oak-knee-boot firmly bolted in its place (i. e. if you have chosen the cabriolet), crack, crack, crack, goes the whip, as if *la Fleur** meant to crack the drum of your ears, and away you go, two up and two down, some trotting, some galloping over the gutters, through thick and thin as though a bailiff were at your heels! But no sooner have you crossed the *barrier*, than your stallions come to a dead point, the traces are snapped, the axle-tree is bent, a spoke is started, or a shoe lost---some accident

* A name frequently given to postilions.

or

or other inevitably has taken place, which requires at least an hour to be repaired. If your carriage be handsome, your conductor begins at full half a league before you reach a village to summon with his whip all the inhabitants it contains to their doors, and looks all complacence as they crowd by hundreds to the post-house, some to gaze upon the cause of all this bustle, and some to intreat his charity. Not so, however within, while he is displaying all the genius of his profession, rattling round every corner as the neck had never been broken---brandishing his thong and back-stroke and fore-stroke, making the air resound with his horrid din, *melord Anglais* sits quaking as with a tertian ague in momentary expectation of here finishing his peregrinations. In vain he entreats his tormentor to slacken his pace, with distress and apprehension in every feature of his pale and cold clammy countenance.--- "*Soyez tranquille---n'ayez pas d'enquietude*" with crack, crack, crack at its close is all he can obtain. It is a Frenchman's glory to cut a dash in the world; and, if an opportunity offers, for his soul he cannot decline it, though he cuts the heart-strings of the mother that bore him. The same ceremony takes place as often as you approach a post-house, which by the bye is seldom an inn. The French roads are in general furnished with nothing better than miserable *boutiques* for "*bon ean de vie*" "*bon vin*" "*bon bierre*"

bierre" " *bon cidre*"---had you an appetite to swallow the detestable fare which their cottages commonly afford, stinking from afar with garlic, leeks, and onions, and a thousand other villainous smells, it were ten to one against your finding any. Good liquor you may obtain at every third cabin, if you may believe the sign-board---your food you must carry along with you: ample proof that the Frenchman as devoutly bows before the jolly god, as a John Bull or a German; with all this cracking, cutting and slashing, it is pleasant to remark, that while temperance reigns amongst them, the horses are seldom touched with the whip. A French postilion is a stranger to that savage brutality with which our hearts are hourly tortured upon the British roads.---He recollects that a horse has feeling, that its skin smarts as keenly as his own when it is wounded, and remembering what pain and anguish mean, inflicts it with reluctance upon those who are lent to aid us in our toil, and to improve our pleasure---not to be the sport of our ferocity.

Arrived at the middle of the stage, the postilion pulls in with a *whew, whew, whew,* after the mode of the English ostlers as soon as their horses return to their stables. You would suppose that this interruption and its accompanying whistle were meant to give the poor dripping slaves which drag you along an opportunity of disencumbering

ing themselves of the superfluous overheated moisture they carry within them---in part it is the case, but the *whew, whew, whew*, which is intended to bring ideas of a certain complection to the mind of the horse, brings similar ones to the mind of the driver, and as soon as his jack-boots will permit, which is not till many laborious efforts have been made in vain, you see him descending and fumbling about with the most perfect *sang froid*, it matters not who is behind him, he thinks no more of indelicacy than his stallions, as soon as like Hudibras, he has "taken time for both to stale" he mounts again, and with crack, crack, crack, pursues his journey.

Were a different mode of harnessing these animals adopted, the custom of using stallions alone upon the post-road would be admirable---their strength is immense; and though heavy, they are not by any means sluggish: but in praise of their temperance, little is to be said; does a mare cross their path or appear before them on the way, the greetings and salutations with which they all unite in accosting the lady, are absolutely formidable---nor can we much applaud their peaceable demeanour towards one another, though fellow-labourers embarked in one common cause, and bound by all the laws of charity to tug on at least without incommoding each other, yet should it happen that *Monsieur le postilion* has ill-timed his *whew whew*, and that their necessities do not

keep pace with his, before he has half finished his *petite affaire*, they are all together by the ears, kicking, biting, screaming, as though Pandæmonium were broke loose; thus interrupted, his *sang froid* forsakes him, then it is the Frenchman rages, and muttering many a *sacre dieu*, with his horrid lash reduces them to order and subordination again. At every delay this uproar is infallibly renewed. No sooner are they detached from the carriage, and their awe-inspiring driver gone to assist in preparing others to supply their places, than a cloven-foot pushes itself forward, civil dudgeon breaks out again with a din which is horrible. Accustomed to the meek and docile manners of our *castrati* it requires no little strength of nerve to sit behind these "*chevaux entiers*" but we soon get accustomed to every thing in this world---even ugliness itself: such is the happy nack of accommodation which nature has given to her children---a simple spreader passed from bit to bit would anticipate all this discord; till they smell at each others nostrils they are peaceable as lambs.

At eight in the evening we arrived at the hotel *de l'Europe*, having travelled through 42 miles of corn-fields, fringed with apple and pear-trees, and studded here and there with enclosed tufts of similar fruit-trees. The country is, in general, flat---but the face of plenty, which it uniformly

wears, is pleasing. The traveller cannot but be at a loss to conceive by what means this broad expanse is plowed, and sowed, and harvested, as, through all the road over which we pass, steeples are far more frequent than cottages. Before the revolution, Normandy was amply furnished with ecclesiastical establishments; many a noble erection presents itself on the right hand and the left; once only do we meet what may be called a town.

Rouen is finely situated in the bosom of the hills, with the Seine rolling its serpentine course at its base, and an immense extent of level country, waving with corn, stretching far to the South as the eye can reach. The approach to this capital of Normandy is striking: the road is spacious; in the middle, a raised and well-preserved pavement, forms an excellent winter-path for carriages of every description; while, on either side, a lofty row of noble plane-trees; their overhanging a gravel-road, and shading the passengers from the intensity of the summer-sun, forms an access admirably adapted to that season of the year: behind them are dotted the pavilions of the cits, who come here to breathe the evening air, to gather the fruits of their own gardens, and relax the cares and anxieties of business;---the back-ground is formed of extensive sheep-walks, beautifully verdant, and reaching to the summit of

of the mountains;---the boulevards which encircle the whole city are planted with similar rows of luxuriant elms, and form the most superb promenade which is, perhaps, any where to be seen. On the banks of the Seine commodious quays invite the resort of commerce, and not a few vessels of considerable burthen frequent them. Across the river there is constructed a very singular floating bridge (or rather series of bridges), but it is clumsy, inconvenient, and expensive. It consists of several barges of great burthen, which are first arched over, and paved with large stones of granite, and then towed into a right line, and moored side by side, with massy chains, to retain them in their places. From this construction it necessarily follows, that the transit from the one to the other shore of the river must be extremely fatiguing to the cattle that drag the heavy laden cumbrous *charetes* across it. The quick and continual ascent and descent on the different sides of the barges pushes them about this way and that, and, if we may judge of the expression of the eye, miserably incommodes them; nor, is the creaking which ensues by any means acceptable to the unpracticed stranger; but, the obstruction presented to the trade and navigation of the river, is its grand inconvenience. Is a vessel bound up the river, or to sea, one at least of these barges must be displaced to give it room: this is, apparently, the work of many hours, and is conse-

quently performed but at stated intervals; for which opportunities all must wait, be their necessities what they may.

It is needless to say, that, during this operation, all connection with the opposite country is suspended; in consequence of which, when about to continue our rout to the Southward, we were compelled to set off at three in the morning, or defer our journey till eleven, by which time the boats would be closed again. There was formerly a bridge of stone across the Seine at this place which was swept away by the floating ice, repaired and destroyed again, which circumstances occasioned the adoption of the present piece of cumbersome machinery, but unquestionably injudiciously: it is said, that the expence annually incurred for the necessary repairs of these barges, would be fully adequate to defray at least one third of the expence of replacing the erection which has been carried away---a tax this, which would not be submitted to in England, especially as it might so easily be evaded. The pieces of the ancient bridge which remain are firm; the span, which would stretch across what once contained the two middle arches, is by no means so large as the iron bridge at Staines---the spirit of enterprise would require six months only to form similar casts, and fix them in their proper positions; a draw-bridge attached to either extremity,

mity, with an interruption of ten minutes only, as vessels arrive, would leave the navigation free. In the winter there would be ample space through which the ice might escape; it would be an excellent speculation (could an adventurer obtain permission to fetch his materials from England) to erect one *here* similar to the projected bridge across the Thames; a trifling toll at the draw-bridge upon all vessels and carriages as they pass, would soon defray the expence. An iron-bridge in France, where the metal is smelted with charcoal, would cost an immense sum!

Within the city there are many noble buildings which are worth inspection. The church of Notre-Dame, rising magnificently above the rest demands our first notice. Its exterior is as beautiful as Gothic ornament can make it---nor does the interior fall much short of it. But the church of St. Owen is sublime, and awe-inspiring; it seems almost impossible to enter it but with reverence; none but a Parisian or a Rouenite can do it. Of these, many were seen audaciously stalking along the aisles with their hideous three-cornered military hats, and their ridiculous national cockades upon their heads insulting the devotions of their fellow-citizens assembled to praise and adore their all-bounteous Benefactor. A few tolerable pictures, which have been preserved by the pious care of individuals, are sus-

pended on the walls, but in general they are mere sign-post performances. Monuments in sculpture there are none; they are rarely found in the French churches; once only have I met with any thing of the kind which merited a moment's notice.

The municipality, adjoining a *ci-devant* convent, is a splendid modern edifice, and gives one a high idea of the mortification and self-denial in which those holy fathers wore their lives away. It consists of two ranges of large well-proportioned apartments superbly fitted up, opening into as many spacious *corridores* floored with alternate squares of marble and free-stone, and connected together by a stair-case of the most admirable masonry; nothing can be more luxuriously concieved, or better executed. Monkery must have been a rare trade.

On the eastern extremity of the town, a large space of ground is laid out and planted round with elms and plane-trees: one side of this spot is occupied by the *caserne* or barracks, which present you without with an elegant elevation, and within with accommodations for a considerable body of the military who are constantly stationed here, to the great accommodation and relief of the city; and, at a small distance from it, stands a large and spacious hospital, with an elegant

elegant modern church annexed to it. All the rest of the city is filth and abomination; the streets are narrow, crooked, and inconvenient, and the houses which form them are of a complection which it is difficult to describe---the date of their erection seems to be almost antediluvian, and while churches and convents of superlative elegance and beauty have been destroyed with vandal wantonness, whatever was cumbersome, awkward, ugly, has been preserved with a sort of pious care. The principal avenue, right-lined as a crabstick, may vie with *Golden-Lane* in elegance, neatness, and salubrity; but there are points, particularly the former ones, in which *Golden-Lane* must be allowed to possess a decided superiority---the others are mere lanes apparently constructed with a view to the generation of the pestilence, at least nothing could be better contrived to answer that purpose, and were it not for the unquestionable salubrity of the air, this could not fail of producing that effect most successfully; across the widest of them a man of moderate size may almost stretch his legs. For many a century the beams of sun-shine have vainly strove to penetrate into them, and as there are no receptacles behind the house for the Frenchman's proper element, every species of abomination is handed forward into the fluid pestilence which gently flows adown the middle of it! But the day is sweet as Araby when compared

with the works of darkness---the evening no sooner closes, than the showers of Edinburgh begin to fall in torrents from every window, and dashing occasionally upon the almost red-hot pavement, the steams which rise from it are most fragrantly aromatic !

In London, the faculty has found at length that the fumes rising from millions of sea-coal fires are extremely salubrious, that they soften the cold, anticipate the plague, and I know not what---perhaps the Rouenites have found also that these strong alkaline smells are salubrious too. At Lisbon and Madrid this has long since been happily discovered : for my own part, I must think it fortunate that nature has been so benignant to this second city in the republic. Rouen is stiled the *Pot de Chambre* of France, (i. e.) it rains in great abundance there ; and heaven knows, the more they have of it the better.

To crown the whole, Rouen is a large manufacturing city ; and manufactories are always remarkable for their cleanliness. The dye-houses occupy one whole street, stretching from the ramparts into the center of the place ; a canal flowing through the midst of it, with an ample stream of water, receives all their suds, and waste materials ; while just without the wall, whole

rows of laundresses unite in thumping the filth out of the catalogue in which Falstaff was soused, " hissing hot" into the Thames---of course this stream is of many a beauteous hue, and wafts many a balmy breeze into the city to improve the salubrity of those that are already generated there.

The Tree of Liberty, which was planted in the *Champ de Mars*, immediately in front of the barracks, and constantly defended by two or more regiments stationed there, appears to be in a very sickly state, and seems to confirm what our fore-fathers thought, (viz.) that liberty, and a standing army, can never flourish together.--- In many places, (for every village has its tree of liberty in the *grand place*), the pruning and shrowding which it has undergone, have given it a very puny aspect---frequently it is found quite dead at top---no where can it be said to flourish; perhaps it may be thought that the type and anti-type perfectly correspond. It may be thought rather unfortunate, that the tree most commonly selected for this purpose, was the Lombardy-poplar, a soft-substanced, short-lived plant, which runs up in a few years, in a few years decays; is liable to continual injury, and worth nothing when in its greatest luxuriance. Once only have I seen the *firmly-founded*, *slow-moving*, *solid* oak, resorted to as the emblem of liberty, and they did

did well. Their freedom was the meteor of a day, not the effect of slow and gradual improvement.

Rouen is also furnished with a large botanical garden, but it contains few plants that are rare, and the exotics which are worthy of notice are in general in the same state with the tree of liberty; most of them are managed injudiciously, some are decaying for want of care, others die with nursing.

The markets are large and well supplied: of these, some are of a singular complection, others are detestable. To a foreigner, who has been accustomed to religious abstraction on the sabbath-day, few things can outrage his feelings more than the keeping these markets on the Sunday as commonly as on any other day. The multitudes which assemble at *Notre-Dame* on the Lord's day, must make their way thither across pots and panniers with no small hazard to *their* shins, and have their ideas convulsed and distorted by the *Voyez monsieur*, *Voyez madame* of a hundred different *paysannes* and barrow-women who come there to expose their fruits and flowers to sale. The morning on which I entered it, there was a mountebank posted immediately before the grand entrance, harranguing the throng which surrounded him, while the trumpet, the tambourine,

and

and the fiddle, summoned the devout and undevout to become the spectators and the dupes of his legerdemain, and not unfrequently, did his eloquence get the better of their sense of duty. His congregation was to the full as large as that of the eloquent preacher within.

Betwixt the casserne and the botanical garden, there is likewise another sunday-market for old rags, old iron, and trumpery of the most worthless kinds :-- it is a curious exhibition ; in the sum total of which scarce an article is offered to sale, which in England would be disturbed by the passenger, however needy, were it lying on a dung-hill.

On the Boulevards, on the other side of the city, there is also on every Sunday morning a market for horses. It is revolting as you hasten to the earthly Temples of the Eternal, with your heart attuned to devotion, and all the powers of your soul exerted in the abstraction of your ideas from earthly cares---It is revolting in this pious frame of mind to be encountered by a herd of jockies, cracking their abominable whips, and forcing their jaded, dispirited harridans, by dint of ginger and whipcord, into mettle and activity which nature never gave them---I detest the police which cannot correct enormities like these---it is folly in its paroxysm of superlative absurdity to talk of encountering

encountering the impositions of priest-craft by such licentiousness as this. Goods, of which quaking guilt and credulity had been gulled, the nation did well to appropriate to its necessities; but it by no means follows that religion is a forgery because a priest is a knave; and, admitting that Christianity were a cunningly devised fable which credulity alone can possibly suppose---there are few, there are none, who love their country, who love their fellow-men, who would not prefer submitting to the fable, to the evils which have resulted from throwing it aside. The Frenchmen, as long as the *Ancien Regime* endured, were men of gentleness and urbanity---from the moment they fell into the hands of the modern sage philosophers they became dæmons---slaves of popery: many an amiable virtue endeared them to surrounding nations, and prompted the sigh as often as their degradation became the subject of reflection---the slaves of the philosophers, not a solitary qualification remained, to soften the shade of the enormities they hourly perpetrated---from objects of pity, they became the objects of universal hatred and detestation. Humanity is indeed returning---order and decency begin to raise their persecuted heads again; in the provinces they will flourish with recruited vigour. At Rouen it will be long ere the happy change takes place; the present generation must first wear away; but, considering the effects of

religious

religious principles upon the mind, the police, which relaxes for a moment its watchfulness, which abates its energy in discountenancing, repressing, and correcting whatever tends to enfeeble its influence over the multitude is wanting to the public. Nor need the magistrate hold his wand of office in a trembling hand.---He who will exert himself with spirit and resolution in the support of order, is sure of the support and countenance of every good citizen. Men of respectability, one and all, unite in deploring the evils that have resulted from snapping the bands woven by their fathers for them; they received their priests with transport, and accompanied them to the long deserted and abandoned altar with tears of joy trickling from their eyes.---The dregs of the community alone wish to perpetuate the reign of anarchy and licentiousness.

Having spent about a month at Rouen, we began to prepare for our journey to the southward; and as soon as we had arranged our passports with the municipality, and harnessed our stallions as before, at three in the morning set forward. The first object which attracts our observation after quitting the city, are the ruins of a superb ecclesiastical erection on our left, which, previous to the revolution, was tenanted by monks, but of what order I have forgotten, I believe Benedictines; being confiscated it became

came national property, and was brought to the hammer. The greater part of it has been pulled down, probably for the materials: the few remaining pillars and arches peeping through the trees like Palmyra in the desert, serve but to shew what was once its splendour---how mutable and unstable is human greatness! The country like that through which we had passed, is in general flat and covered with corn; here and there are scattered the *chateaus* of the *ci-devant noblesse*, which have little remarkable in them; nothing appears particularly striking till we arrive at the commencement of the second stage, which brings us to one of the romantic turns of the river's winding here in enchanting beauty at the base of the hill we are about to ascend.

The traveller will do well to feast his sight with this beauteous picture; it is the last of the kind he will gaze upon for many a weary day, and if he is expert at his pencil, he will seldom meet a landscape which merits better to be copied; and here we meet the earnest and the sample of the miserable roads which await the morrow. Somewhere about the third stage as we descend the side of a barren mountain, we come suddenly in view of a magnificent abbey, which is situated on an eminence in the bottom of a romantic vale, and commands a rich luxuriant prospect. It was impossible to understand the provincial jargon

gon of the postilions, of course we could learn only that it had been sold by the nation, and is now occupied no more by lazy ecclesiastics, but by industrious mechanics who, under the direction of a company of English manufacturers there, weave velvets similar to those of Spital-fields. We learnt also that there were several other establishments of the sort in the province or department.

From hence to *Liseux*, corn-fields edged with fruit or other trees as before, accompany us all the way, the land is rich, and the crops are luxuriant.---I must not forget here to mention an anecdote which strongly marks the difference betwixt a French and English postilion. About six miles from *Liseux*, by the road side, you remark a little bower or cabin formed partly of turfs, partly of bushes interwoven and thatched with straw. This is the abode from morn to eve of an ancient hoary-headed blind beggar, who takes here his station, and lives upon the bounty of the fleeting passenger. As soon as the sound of the wheels announces to him the approach of a carriage, he comes forward with one end of a little cord in his hand, the other extremity of it is fastened to his habitation, and guides him back to it when he wishes to return. The postilion never fails to draw you up as close as is consistent with his safety, and being arrived a-breast of him,

him, immediately pulls in. His figure is venerable, and commands respect---he presents you his cap, and tells you his piteous tale. Forty-five years has he tenanted that little dwelling, and subsisted upon the alms of the benevolent; and, to the credit of the Frenchman, an *old* man seldom solicits his charity in vain! Having received what you are pleased to bestow, he begins a short prayer to the Virgin for your prosperity and happiness, during which *la Fleur* pulls off his hat. As soon as the *oraison* is finished, he joins in the Amen---restores his *chapeau* to its place, and dashes on as before.

At Liseux, the country begins to assume an aspect hitherto rare in France. The fields are enclosed; the farms are well wooded, and the pasture prevails over the arable; but the town itself is the very counterpart of Rouen. Like it, it is ill-disposed, ill-built, and stinks most abominably. There are here many considerable *fabrequants* of cotton as they are called, and the people bear on their front that character of vice and filth which seems to be universally stamped upon all great assemblages of manufacturers.---Is it that the occasional introduction of depraved wanderers among them inevitably corrupts the whole mass, or is it that daily receiving more wages than are adequate to a simple decent maintenance---abundance leads to luxury, and

luxury

luxury to vice? In this case, which I believe to be the real root of the evil, may it not be questioned how far great manufactories ought to be encouraged by any legislature? And if they are to be encouraged may we not insist upon it that the legislature, which does not encourage also every means of correcting the contamination of the public morals which it virtually countenances, prefers but a feeble claim to the affections of the public?---Here the question arises: what are the antidotes by which the poison is to be corrected? We answer, complete religious liberty. Legislators have enacted pains and penalties for this and the other irregularity and vice; and what has been the effect? Nothing.---Absolutely nothing. Well then---if the secular Aaron cannot preserve the morals of the people from contamination, let them try what religion will do; for in vain do they attempt to make good citizens without it.---Let them give equal countenance to as many as are disposed to enter the abodes of squallid wretchedness to attack vice, even in its seat of empire---to warn the thoughtless, to confirm the wavering, to reclaim the wanderer, to edify the virtuous; in a word, to plant the seeds of moral purity in the heart, and cherish them by the sanctions of the New Testament.---I say *equal* countenance, for every man, has an equal right to form his creed for himself, and consequently an equal right to the protection of the law.---If my

principles make me a good citizen, the secular arm has nothing to do with me but to animate and encourage me in the prosecution of them. As long as I am taught by them to demean myself peaceably and orderly, and to set an example of social virtue to the surrounding community, I have unquestionably a right to speculate upon abstract points as I please, and to get to heaven my own way; and if my speculations, no matter how absurd, are attended with the effect of snatching the vicious from their crimes, and reducing disorder to temperance and sobriety, I merit the applause, not the persecution of the government, beneath which I live.---I will not say, that the established priest of the country cannot check the progress of vice as well as another, but I will say that others are far more likely to do it: no man bears constraint without writhing---from the moment you tell me that I must believe as the cherished servant of the state prescribes, and reckon upon its protection and favour, but, as I obey him, from that moment I listen to his instructions with suspicion; I consider him as an *hireling*, and his doctrines as ultimately contrived, not for my edification, but for the consolidation of your empire over me---of course the impression made upon my mind is faint and transient---the most impassioned persuasion melts me not---the most terrific denunciations affright me not: in short, I must be won

by

by one who comes forward as my beloved Master did---whose principles are disinterested---whose *sole* object is my edification and eternal happiness. This is the man who must reclaim the vicious herds which the manufactories assemble together ---who must arrest them in their career of vice--- humanize the savage and reduce him to the orderly discipline of the New Testament: within these forty years past, we have seen more accomplished in the work of public reformation by the efforts of two unaided individuals only, than by those of a whole hierarchy combined. In our late troubles, we have seen also that the exertions of one respected individual only,* an individual on whom the smiles of favour never fell; nay, who was brow-beaten and depressed---could restrain the fierce impetuosity of the Irish hordes assembled in the metropolis, and do more towards preserving public peace and public order, than legions of ecclesiastics who had never given proof of their sincerity. The conclusion is evident: let as many as are disposed to undertake the work-divine of instructing the ignorant, be animated to it---let not their pious zeal be quenched by the frowns of authority, nor the effect of the New Testament be anticipated by compelling us to accept it in a mode at which nature revolts.

* Arthur O'Leary.

In this abode of filth and obscenity, there was little to attract our notice, and our stay was of course short. We spent here one night only, and in the morning at four, took the road to *Caen* again: I know not what must have been the state of the public roads in England previous to the erection of the turnpikes, but, I presume, the five leagues now before us are an ample specimen of them.---Figure to yourself fifteen miles of rocky mountainous road, absolutely abandoned for eleven years to destruction---recollect that this road was once paved throughout with the largest stones which could possibly be applied to that purpose, as is the case universally in France---that it lies in the direct line from the capital to *Brest*, *St. Malo's*, *L'Orient*, and other parts of the republic, and during the war was plowed from day to day with baggage-carts, artillery-wheels, ammunition-waggons, timber-carriages, in short, every thing calculated to disarrange the materials employed, even to their foundation ---that not a stone had been replaced---that not a chasm had been filled up but with faggots---that for a whole night it had been drenched with almost tropical torrents of rain, and you will be able to form some conception of this detestable day's journey. When I look back upon it---when I picture to myself my own, and the courage of my friend, slowly descending these precipices---the tremendous lurches taken every moment

ment, as we plunged now into one abyss, and now into another, rolling fearfully from side to side, while every creak of my wheels bespoke their distress, and every vault of my springs tossed me from my seat---I shudder at the recollection. I question if the descent from Mount Blanc be much more formidable---happily we escaped with but little injury---I say happily, for had any serious accident befallen us, it would have been impossible to repair it---here are no smiths---no wheelwrights, but here and there a miserable cottage totally incapable of affording us any relief. It is not easy to form a competent idea of the superlative awkwardness of a French mechanic and his tools: it would have consoled me much could I have promised myself the apparatus of an English blacksmith; their clumsiness I could have pardoned---but I had seen enough at Rouen to apprise me what must be the consequence should any part of our vehicles give way, and that conviction served but to send every shock---every convulsion they experienced, with agony to my heart. A wise traveller will not take this rout a second time; and, should necessity constrain him, a chest of tools should form an indispensible part of his baggage. I must not however forget to say, that though a French mechanic possesses neither tools nor the wit to use them, in the art of making a bill he is no ways deficient: one would imagine that he had

served an apprenticeship to this part of his profession somewhere toward the west end of the town.

We arrived at Caen with the loss of a drag-staff and the shoe: for replacing these Miss M-----e was furnished with a *memoir* amounting only to one pound twelve shillings and sixpence, in which a very prominent charge was *coming to see what was the matter*; for twelve inches of the hoop of an old barrel, and as many rusty screws (new ones were not to be procured) they conscientiously demanded three shillings and sixpence, which being discharged, a request was modestly preferred that we would not forget *le Garçon---le Garçon!* where is *le Garçon?* "*Oh Madame*, I am *le Garçon*." N.B. *Le Garçon* was six feet high, and of a size proportioned.

The last four leagues of this day's execrable journey were over one continued finely preserved pavement; and though at other times the abominable clatter, which dins the ear on this sort of road would have been painful enough, now it was music and its irksome tremulation pleasure. We arrived about eleven at the *Hotel des Victoires*, but having proposed spending a pleasant day at Caen, had commenced the business of the morning at an early hour, and reckoned upon breakfasting after it was over. It would be

be a vain attempt to describe our visages at the moment when alighted we met each other in our apartment. What with consternation, fatigue, and famine, mine had attained to its utmost possible extension.---It was pale as a detected culprit's, the very counterpart of the Knight's of *la Mancha*; nor could it dilate itself in the least till we had dispatched a couple of cold chickens, and cheered the inward man with a bottle of Burgundy; after which we began to smile a little, and finally sat down to boiled eggs, cold ham, tea, and bread and butter; the effects of which were wonderful.---Here we learnt that it had frequently been necessary to attach from twenty to twenty-two horses to the Rouen diligence, to enable it to pass the stage of consternation we had just accomplished.

Caen is in many respects superior to Rouen. It is much less in size, but the streets are more spacious, the air is less impregnated with poisons, and it is possible to walk abroad without much offence. The shops are well furnished for a French city, and there are many fine buildings which deserve to be visited. Unfortunately, the rain coming on again in torrents, prevented our going much abroad; at the Hotel des Victoires we had ample opportunity for contemplating the cathedral; which, like most erections of the sort, is rich in gothic ornament, and magnificently

grand. Its interior however falls very far short of the idea which its first appearance leads one to expect---it is absolutely disgusting. In the course of the revolution it has suffered much, and is even now abandoned to filth; curiosity led me to seek for the tomb of the conqueror, but in vain; there is not a monument beneath the roof---all is level and undistinguishing. The altar-piece is curious; and were it divested of the accumulated dust of ages, would produce a fine effect. The roof above it is finely fretted, but the most delicate touches of the chissel are now filled up by repeated white-washings---admirable specimen of priestly taste !!

A spacious, once an almost impregnable castle, frowns over the town: a few of its towers and connecting curtains alone remain; time has sapped its foundation in many a part, forced many a breach, and filled up the fosse with the ruins---and that which the great leveller had spared to report to distant generations what the proud fabric had been, the blind fury of modern vandalism has overturned. In the area not one stone has been left upon another of the buildings it once contained. The powder-magazine, the *caserne*, and a few other habitations for the accommodation of the military, occupy the site on which perhaps our fore-fathers rioted; on which perhaps they debated the feasibility of the projected

projected invasion.---Naught now remains that once was theirs, the hull alone excepted; the waters of which they quaffed, and which they raised from an immense depth by means of a capstern set in motion by soldiers trotting like turnspits in a wheel.

The antient gate-way, fronting the town, is repairing with modern elegance and magnificence, and will have, when finished, the *fine* effect of a splendid patch upon an old tattered coat. With this the garrison are very properly penned in as soon as the evening closes; the French do not look askance on the barracks as we are accustomed to do in England; and the sooner the prejudice is there dismissed the better---while the soldier retains the notions, the habits, the jealousies of a citizen; every attempt to effect a distinction betwixt him and the citizen, is a treason against society, and merits the punishment of the severest penalty; but debauched and vicious as the military *now* are, contaminated by the out-pouring of the prisons, and the hulks which have been forced upon them, and weeded completely of every political and every private virtue, they are no longer fit for society, and the less they are permitted to mingle with it the better.

About to quit the ramparts, having inspected every thing open to inspection, we were accosted by

by a weather-beaten, I had almost said a tattered centinel *---his hair was bleached by age, time and service had plowed deep their furrows upon his cheeks, and his coat bore upon it the intimation of many a hard campaign; on his shoulder rested his rusty firelock, and at his side dangled the sabre with which he had fought his country's battles. He had eyed us long, and unwilling to interrupt our observations, had foreborne till the last moment to approach us. There was something in his manner, which bespoke attention; he apologised for the intrusion in words and phrases which none but a Frenchman could so well put together---the drift of his enquiry was interesting.---Had any of us known a poor French girl? whose name he mentioned. It was his daughter---she had been an attendant on some ladies in a convent at Caen, and had fled with them from the storm and tempest of the revolution to England---whence tidings had never returned to sooth the anxiety of a father's aching heart. It was his custom thus to accost the English parties which from time to time fell in his way. What would I not have given to have been able to assure him that his daughter was well---that she was returning to bless his aged arms, and

* The national guards are exact counterparts of Falstaff's ragged regiment.

cast

cast the beams of sun-shine upon his closing day. ---May the next wanderer to whom the enquiry shall be proposed, be more happy than we!

We here saw some admirable specimens of the *Seore* porcelain, but enormously dear. Lace manufactories are numerous, and the price is moderate. At a gunsmith's, beautiful fowling-pieces with double barrels of exquisite workmanship, and at least sixty per cent cheaper than pieces of similar execution in England were exhibited: in fact, it is astonishing, that with such a little stream betwixt us, the price of all the articles exposed to sale should be so widely different. With one or two exceptions only we may say, that the balance in favour of France is not less than fifty per cent. Provisions are even more than fifty per cent cheaper than in England; and though some items must be allowed to be of inferior quality, beef and pork for instance, yet the mutton and veal are fully equal to any which Leadenhall-market can furnish---while the poultry is beyond comparison superior in delicacy and in flavour to any thing of the sort which the metropolis can furnish, and the farther we go to the south the more this is the case.

Caen, like most of the French towns, possesses an admirable *promenade*. It extends along the side of the river, and is perhaps three quarters

ters of a mile in length, and shaded with noble stately elms, and the prospect from it is beautiful. The morning following we bade it adieu, with little to say in favour of our host or his house. An Englishman's riches are in a French imagination inexhaustible; wherever he appears, he is considered to be fair game, and may account himself fortunate, and in the hands of the conscientious, if he escapes with only a third more than another man would pay added to his bill. This is a trait in the French character, by no means amiable; and it inspires the Briton with contempt, who disdains to pilfer a stranger because he is a stranger: but there is not a town in France to which he must not carry this idea along with him. If you are unacquainted with the value of an article, there are no bounds to the extravagance of the tradesman's imposition ---you blush while you offer them just one half of the price demanded, and are astonished to find that they will more frequently take it than reject it---even in Paris, unless a Frenchman purchases for you, whatever you may wish to use or take from thence, you may rest assured that you will pay at least one third above the current price.

The country from hence to *Falaise*, the birthplace of the conqueror, is level, sandy, and frequently sterile; the road however is good, and corn-fields and apple-trees fringe it all the way.

The

The population seems also to encrease; frequent villages are seen on the right-hand and the left. At *Falaise*, we drop the dull monotonous aspect which accompanies the traveller, with few exceptions only from Dieppe hither---It even assumes the picturesque. A deep ravine, finely cloathed with wood separates it from the rest of Normandy. On the brink of the precipice, stands the castle with its ivy-mantled towers and flocks of *daws* wheeling and chattering round it, and all around an undulating country, gives variety to the prospect, and beguiles the traveller of his fatigue. It was with regret we passed on without visiting the ruins; the mind is affected with a pleasing pensive melancholy as we tread the grounds famed in story, and compare their present with their antient state.---How many a heart has throbbed high with joy within those walls! and oh how many a heavy laden sigh has thence been wafted to those courts above, where every wrong is registered---where every tear is bottled against the day of retribution!---those breaking hearts ache now no more---their troubled pulse is stilled---their sorrows are ceased ---three-score years and ten have filled the measure up---what a lesson to the impatient, writhing sufferer! Be hushed then ye anguished sighs, be dry ye trickling tears, the moments are swiftly flying---soon, soon will the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest.

Posting

Posting forward with all possible speed, we soon arrived at Argentan---there to drop the company of a friend tenderly beloved---a friend in sorrow---of all the events in life one of the most poignant, and at the same time most instructive; for then we learn to what amounts the fancied energy of man---sitting with downcast eye and folded hands, the tears falling like the showers of April, and every accent prefaced with a sigh---fain would we pour the balm of consolation into the wounded breast, and fill the mourner's bereaved, desolate, forsaken arms: alas! we feel that vain and fruitless are our sympathies---the wound is too deep for our skill to heal---there is no comfort but in the bosom of our God; it is in his hand alone which can bind up the bruised reed; it is the consolation of his spirit working in secret which alone can shield it from despair.

At Se'es, once a bishop's see, we only remained long enough to change our horses; and have of course only to say, that it is a very clean and wholesome little town, which in France, is saying much. It being Sunday, we were, however, much pleased at finding the shops shut up and business suspended; it is in the latitude of Paris only, that the sabbath is neglected, and religion treated with contempt. As you advance to the south your expectations are pleasingly disappointed;

pointed; the people are too little vicious to accept the dogmas of our modern philanthropists in lieu of the mandates of omnipotence, in lieu of the hopes and prospects of the New Testament. The clergy are here received with affection proportioned to their merit. The churches are crowded, and the deportment of the multitude is peaceable and orderly.

At Alençon, we begin to enter upon the grounds famed in the Annals of the Revolution; and when I recollect the crimes with which this unhappy country was deluged, and by whom the price of them was paid, fain would I draw a curtain across the page of history---but it must not, cannot be---suffering innocence will clamour for vengeance---it will tell the generations yet unborn what have been its sufferings, and by whom they were inflicted.

Here, having travelled upwards of four-score miles this day, we determined to take up our quarters for the night; but, as we were again gratified by perceiving the churches opened, and business suspended, we were no less mortified in taking a walk round the town at seeing the theatre open also, and people crowding to it---consistency in any thing must not be expected in France. Like *Sées*, *Alençon* is clean and neat, but it is miserably dull. The laces of Alençon

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are famed. Ladies' caps are only from five to ten guineas each.

The general aspect of the country, is here far more agreeable to the stranger than in Upper Normandy: it is for the most part enclosed; its surface is more diversified, and the eye is frequently regaled with genuine forest scenery---enclosures bring population along with them, and population plenty: provisions are here from ten to fifteen per cent cheaper than at Rouen, and are for the most part of a better quality, especially the mutton and poultry. In this country they have immense quarries of coarse granite.

The *Caserne*, which is a handsome piece of modern architecture, is wholly built of it, and looks well. It must have been a very expensive business. Behind it is a spacious promenade, well planted, the *jeunes gens* were sporting themselves merrily upon it. The church is large, and ornamented in a style very similar to those we had before seen.

At Alençon I experienced a very striking proof of what I have before recommended, (viz. a chest of tools among your baggage.)---The length of this day's journey had rendered it necessary to grease my wheels, but there was not a wrench in the whole town capable of taking off the screw-heads

heads from the extremities of the axle; and we were *under* the disagreeable necessity of sending for a smith from the country, who fumbled till six in the morning before this very intricate business could be surmounted. Having, however, with infinite exertions, and numberless deep consultations accomplished it, the horses were again ordered out. I shall not soon forget what I felt when I saw them approaching with each a string of bells suspended to the chin-stay, sure presage to the route we were about to traverse! ---Nor were my expectations disappointed. From Liseaux to Caen we had blundered over rocks, and through hollows, now up, and now down---in momentary danger of bouncing unbidden into another world; here there were no stones to incommode our march, and summon all the postilionship of our *conducteur* into exercise:---but had the giants, who once stormed heaven, as old histories shew, been plowing here for their next winter's fallow, they would not have carried their furrows deeper, nor left the surface of the earth in a more rugged and impracticable state:---the heavy-laden carts which pass hourly from Beaumont to Alençon, had gone to right and left till it was possible to vary their direction no longer; and, as their last resort, had finally cut large faggots from the adjoining hedges which were laid side by side, and thus formed a singular kind of path-way, safe indeed, but

formidable enough to those who are unaccustomed to it. This contrivance presently accounted for the necklace of bells with which the post-horses were garnished; for though upon the bushes we jogged on safely enough, jumping out occasionally, one on one side, the other on the other, yet it was impossible to deviate from them without plunging into sloughs, the depth of which our spokes could not fathom, consequently it was necessary to send forward as much as possible, the intelligence that we were on the way, that all those who chanced to have a little firm ground on the right hand or the left, might wait there till we could pass them by.

This Russian road continued from *Alençon* to *Beaumont*; about fifteen miles after which we found ourselves upon terra-firma again, and about noon entered La Mans, the capital of the department in which it stands---much more famous for the political events which *here* took place, than for any thing it contains: it is almost impossible for streets to be more inconveniently laid out than those through which we were conducted to the *grand place* in the center. This, however, is large and airy, and may serve to give current to the breeze, and anticipate the dangerous effects which must otherwise almost necessarily result from the crooked,

narrow,

narrow, and confined avenues of which the town is composed.

La Mans was besieged ; and, if I mistake not, taken by the *Chouans*.---It is not too much when we say, that the ravages committed by these wretches were devilish. --- Wherever they went consternation preceded them, and their footsteps were marked with atrocities alone to be equalled in the woods of America---bearing the name of the " *Christian army*," and professing to fight for " *God*," for " *religion*," for " *social order*," for " *humanity*;"---their rage was like the rage of infernals, and their tender mercies cruelty :--- those who called them into the field may blush, if they are capable of a blush, when the world is told that during this memorable siege they massacred not less than six hundred women!! a few of them indeed fighting by the sides of their fathers, their husbands, and their brothers, but the far greater number when harmlessly seeking food abroad to sustain their famished, dying, families.

At length, however, the amiable *Marceau* defeated them with an horrible slaughter, and strewed the whole country for leagues with the carcases of the monsters. At Laval they rallied again---again he defeated them---five thousand more of them remained extended upon the field of battle, and the victorious republicans driven to

madness by the horrible atrocities they had committed, pursued the fugitives with a vengeance equal to their own. What numbers fell in this bloody chase cannot be ascertained: as usual it was more destructive than the conflict in the field: in short, the carnage was so embittered, and continued with that unabating fury, that from this day the *Christian* army is heard of no more.

Bonaparte wisely followed up this decisive measure with a general amnesty, and pardon to as many as would surrender their arms, take the oath of submission to the existing government, and return peaceably to their families. This was chearfully accepted by those who had been compelled by their priests to join the hordes vomited forth (to use the French expression) at Quiberon and other places on the coast; and here the Chouan war terminated.

We were now approaching too near to our head-quarters to wish to tarry on the road: a hasty refreshment of bread and fruit being dispatched at the post-house, the horses were again ordered out, and without further adventures worth noticing, we arrived in the evening at Sable---where our friends were waiting our arrival and received us with joy. Fatigue and apprehension were painted on our countenances, and many

many days had elapsed ere we could meet their ardent wishes and fully enjoy ourselves.

It was our intention to have gone round by *la Flêche*, not being acquainted with the country. At one of the post-houses, having accidentally mentioned whither we were going, the post-mistress begged to have the honour of conducting us to Sable by a much shorter road; and as we had quite enough of French posting, we very politely granted her that honour, and were presently rattled over twenty-five miles of sand and turf.---At La Mans we saw for the first time ladies riding astride!

Sable has little to recommend it but its situation, and a few of the excellent of the earth who inhabit it. It is seated upon one of the serpentine reaches of the *Sarte*, which here receives the tributary streams of another considerable river, whose name, if it has one, has escaped my memory. The approach to it, is mildly pleasing---a gently undulating country, enclosed, and amply furnished with wood, serves here agreeably to amuse the eye which turns from side to side; and though seldom struck with the bold romantic scenery of our charming native isle, yet still finds something to engage and gratify it.

On a commanding eminence at its back, stands the superb chateau of the second *Colbert*, the *facade* of which is very seldom rivalled, much less exceeded by any of the country seats which it can furnish; and behind the whole, an ample park, finely timbered and intersected in various directions according to the taste of the country, with long right-lined gloomy vistas, which, notwithstanding their formality, have an imposing effect, and during the heats of the summer are delightfully agreeable---this forms an admirable back-ground to the picture.---The spreading sheet of water at the foot of the castle, with its marble bridge, ever animated with passengers, gives us a fore-ground no less admirable.

But it is impossible not to feel the emotions with which we view this picture at a distance, damped as we draw nearer to it---in fact, the approach to the towns, and even the villages in this part of France, however smiling in themselves, cannot now fail to cast a cold and shuddering damp upon the heart of sensibility---they had all been fortified while they appended to the British crown, or, during the conflicts between the reformed and the catholics in the days of the detestable Catherine de Medicis---for *this* country *then* abounded with protestants, and there are few collections of cottages of any considerable magnitude in which one is not yet pointed out as having

having been a Hugonot place of worship.---The oppressions of the government, alas, have exterminated them root and branch, and left scarce a remnant behind!

These fortifications have all been surveyed, (not indeed by military engineers,) and rudely repaired by the affrighted multitudes whom the atrocious cruelties of the royalist armies had scared from their dwellings and compelled to fly thither for refuge!

The gates, in which the stern interrogatory of the centinel had not been heard for ages; have been closed with massy beams of solid oak, and the antient military order of things restored---the old embrasures have been walled up---the curtains repaired, and the whole surmounted with modern masonry, pierced through with numberless loop-holes, from which the imprisoned peasantry marked the approaches of the enemy, and not unfrequently gave him the reception he merited.---It is impossible to pass on without picturing to the imagination the horrible outrages which must have been here perpetrated! ---While we recollect that all this apparatus was preparatory to destruction---that the horrid tube has thence been a thousand times levelled---that the messenger of death has thence been a thousand times expedited, perhaps to a father, per-

haps to a brother, at all events to those who once were dear to him who aimed the fatal shot---that the ground on which we tread has been glutted with human gore---that the dūst which is spurned by our horses feet has once perhaps throbbed high in the bosom of affection, and warmed the generous heart to the noblest purposes !---It is impossible not to sigh---it is impossible not to propose questions to ourselves which, as they are not easily solved, so do they contribute little to improve the gaiety and gladness of the heart.

The Sarte is perhaps one of the finest rivers of equal magnitude in the universe.---Its waters are limpid as the dew drop, and as transparent as chrystal.---On either side it is bordered with a strip of the richest meadow, clad in almost everlasting green. On its northern shore, at the distance of perhaps one hundred yards, the marble-rock pushes its dark-featured and almost perpendicular cliffs to a very considerable elevation ; the bluff points of which sometimes boldly pierce through the thick foliaged copse with which its slopes are clad, and sometimes hide themselves amid the vines which climb up its rugged sides, and swing in the winds with the most wanton luxuriance. Its waves are tenanted by millions of the finny-tribes in all their customary varieties, and on its bosom the frequent barge spreads abroad its tumid sails, and courts the favouring

vouring breeze. There are few situations in France the scenery of which is so completely enchanting as the shore of this placid stream.---It is not in the power of words to paint the soft, the tranquilizing effect of an evening's saunter upon its rich luxuriant banks; every thing seems to unite in harmony; the busy bustle of the world comes not here to mingle its discord with our pensive meditations; the din of manufactories jars not on the ear, nor do their attendant vices and their inevitable consequences, squalled wretchedness, obscenity, and filth, disgust our senses---the music of the countless nightingales which tenant the declivities of the rocks, is alone interrupted by the clacking of the distant mill, the barking of the watch-dog, the trill of the snake, and the pastoral songs of the young light-hearted guileless peasantry. To become weary of scenes like these, requires a corrupt and distorted taste. There were few evenings on which we did not regale ourselves with a pensive *promenade* beneath the cliff, along the mazy winding shore---nor ever quitted them but with the wish to return.

The kind attention of our friends enabled us to enjoy the exquisite beauties of the scene with infinite advantage. The apartment assigned us, fitted up in a style of convenience, luxury, and elegance almost unknown in France, command-

ed the point of view above-mentioned. The river meandring through the meadows, the cliffs boldly rising and pushing their bald and hoary peaks through the dark verdure of the copse ; to the right and to the left assemblages of cottages.

On the high-grounds, at three miles distance, the village of Juegné, once the property of the marquis of that title---the terrace planted with luxuriant linden-trees in front of the chateau---the superb convent of Soleim founded as usual upon one of the most inviting and beauteous spots in the country ; the latter, though on opposite sides of the stream, forming with the rest one continued line of beauty :---whole hours were frequently spent in gazing on the charming rich variety which lay extended before us ; and, when compelled to quit the balcony, no sooner were we turned round than an elegant pier-glass of dimensions proportioned to its situation from within the curtains of our bed, reflected back the picture, and gave it us anew with a pleasure equal almost to that from which we had just withdrawn. As we float down the smooth unruffled bosom of the stream, the scenery becomes even more enchanting---its banks are more precipitous---the woods more luxuriant---the villages which people its shores more frequent.---At La Roche Talbot, three miles from Sable, an estate, previous to the revolution, belonging to an English

glish gentleman of that name, the prospect assumes such sublimity of feature, such rich luxuriance, that it is impossible to gaze on it but with rapture and extacy---I have seen nothing even in England superior to it.

Mournful is the recollection that even these Arcadian scenes, where every thing conspires to soften and subdue the ruggednesses of our nature, and attune the heart to pleasure, have been sullied also by outrage and violence;---as we draw dear to Juegné, we hurry on with averted countenance: we turn away with horror when we are told that some of its finest points have been selected, by the wantonness of modern barbarism, for the martyrdom of the harmless peasant; that he has been tumbled headlong from this beetling point; that his wife has been assassinated in that little field; that the murderer has lurked behind this rugged rock; that here stood the little mansion of peace; that there blazed the smiling hearth; that at this door infancy, trembling infancy, pushed forth its flaxen head, impatient for its parent's return, peeping *this* way and *that*, quaking at the rustling leaf, and starting, like the roe-buck, at every sound which floated upon the mournful breeze. Alas! that parent never more returned!

Destruction

Destruction seems to have been the grand object of the savages who prowled around the country; to glut themselves with blood their pastime; it mattered not that the victims of their fury were guiltless of political crime; not to be remorseless, as themselves, was fully sufficient to awaken their resentment, and their resentment was death; wherever they occupied a village or a town, and there were many in which they fortified themselves, it spread dismay and consternation around them; the surrounding country became presently depopulated, even the boldest spirits which it once possessed looked aghast at their superlative wickedness, and hurried, with horror and amazement in every feature, from their neighbourhood.

It will furnish you with some faint conception of the terror they inspired when you are told, that having once beaten the *blues* (so the patriots were distinguished) in fair fight (in which, by the bye, they never engaged as long as it was possible to avoid it), the whole country took the alarm, and fled; and, finding Sable in their route, the affrighted multitudes crowded into it like sheep into the fold---for 28 hours successively, and without intermission, there was one steady human tide flowing in at its gates. It was impossible for them to remain there; there was

here

here neither food nor safety---nor could its walls contain them. In desperation they rushed out of it again, breaking down the bridges behind them; multitudes ran forward till they could run no longer, then laid themselves down and died; mothers rushed along with the torrent, their infants in their arms, and dreadful was the conflict in their bosoms; nature could not long sustain such exertions.

In the distraction of the moment, they cast their burdens down by the way side, hoping, perhaps, to find them again when the tempest should be subsided; many did, indeed, retrieve them, but there were more who lived not to see that happy, happy moment. Hundreds of either sex remain now in that neighbourhood who had been thus deserted; the compassionating peasantry, as they returned to their cottages, took them along with them---but whence they came, and to whom they owe their being, the great day of revision alone can reveal.

Ere we take our leave of the beauteous Sarte, I must not forget to say, that the convent of Soleim, once belonging to the Benedictines, will as amply repay the curiosity of the traveller who visits it, as any ecclesiastical erection which I have yet seen in France. Its situation is delightful,

ful, mounted on a lofty rock commanding the meanders of the river---the chateau, and park of Sable---the town, and a wide extent of country stretching far to the westward. Forming an exact square, its northern and western fronts are perfectly uniform and magnificent; within it contains numerous, spacious, and finely proportioned apartments, alias cells! connected by airy, corridors, and elegant stair-cases; and attached to it are extensive terrace-gardens, which once were amply stored with the richest fruits, and, in short, with every vegetable-luxury which epicurism could sigh for, or wealth obtain. At the base of the rock clacks the unresting mill, connected with the head waters, of which stands the reservatory from which, at a moment's warning, the holy fathers mortified their appetites with the choicest products of the stream.

The date of this noble erection is somewhat subsequent to the erection of the chateau of Sable; the founder of which having collected together more materials than were requisite to his own purposes, incensed his vanity by presenting the overplus to the monks, on condition that they would blazon forth his armorial bearings over the principal entrance of their convent; though, in general, sufficiently arrogant, they were now too cunning to sacrifice their interest to their pride.

They

They caught at the offer; raised with it the fronts abovementioned, and by this little sacrifice pocketed, perhaps, 1000 louis.

Four years since, the drones having been previously expelled, the hive, and five capital estates belonging to it, were sold for 5000l. sterling; but, what chiefly merits the attention of the ingenious traveller, is the chapel appertaining to it, which has almost miraculously escaped the infatuated fury of the jacobins, who, in their turn, committed atrocities almost equal to those in which the royalists hourly rioted.

In form, this is similar to those which are daily met with---but it is stored with riches unparalleled in any ecclesiastical erection which I have seen, Westminster-abbey alone excepted. On the left, as you approach the altar, in a little recess, is represented the sepulture of the Virgin; the tomb is opened; four patriarchal figures, holding each the corner of a large mantle, or poll, on which the body rests, are in the act of slowly lowering it to its last abode; death is in its countenance; and its attitude correctly representative of that mournful, passive state to which the great destroyer reduces the feeble and the strong; around stand the melancholy group of weeping friends who had attended her hither; some are clasping their hands in despairing resigna-

tion; others turn their imploring eyes to him who watches over the slumbering dust, as if to entreat his protection of that which they now commit unto his care; and others yet strain forward their venerable head to catch one glance more of her they loved ere she is separated from them for ever; the heads are admirably fine; the expression of every countenance is minutely correct; the stone almost persuades one to believe that it feels; the drapery is perfectly natural; the *tout-ensemble* a master-piece: to whom the fraternity was indebted for this *chief d'ouvre* is uncertain. It is said the sculptor was an Italian, but the history I was able to collect smells too strong of monkery and the wonderful to be worth detailing.

On the opposite side, in another recess, the burial of a monk is also represented, but in statuary of very inferior composition---by the same master, it is said, but this appears to be very questionable. In other compartments of the chapel we have several of the most interesting parts of the New Testament history similarly exhibited, and in a style of execution which, were they not eclipsed by the sepulture of the virgin, would be esteemed master-pieces also; they are all formed of hard white free-stone, and, with few exceptions only, have scarce received an injury;---the chapel, though no more employed

ployed for pious uses, is yet carefully preserved, and long may it be.

The climate of this part of France is serene as the summer's evening. The ethereal canopy is clad in almost perpetual blue; and, through the wide expanse, a cloud is scarcely, for successive weeks, to be descried; the tempests of wind and rain which keep our sky in perpetual bustle, and are for ever working up fogs and thick darkness from the surrounding ocean, are there but fleeting visitants which sweep now and then across the welkin, to temper the intensity of the summer's heat, and give moisture to the drooping herbage; for a few hours the thunder roars with tremendous explosion; the clouds discharge their contents in torrents of rain; and, in a few hours more, every thing is calm and serene again. The concave puts on its accustomed livery, and all nature smiles, refreshed by the change!

The productions of the soil are proportioned to the benignity of the atmosphere, and the genial clime in which they flourish; abundant fruits, in endless variety, and the richest luxuriance, grow in every cottage garden; the vine sometimes weaves its fantastic wreaths along the fence, around the door, and sometimes creeps up the trunk of the neighbouring tree, and flourishing

there in all the wild wantonness of unbridled nature, ere long forms a delicious retreat, beneath which the peasantry assemble at noon, to dispatch their frugal meal; and, at night, to frisk all their sorrows away.

It is impossible for words to paint the luxury of scenes like these; the vegetable world has nothing more exuberant than the vine thus flourishing free from the controul of the knife; nor, is there aught more refreshing to the fainting traveller, and the weary husbandman, than the grape, blooming like the plumb, or transparent as the amber-bead, which, as he stretches himself along in the thick, impenetrable shadow of the vine, and wipes the dust from his brow, hangs drooping from above, and invites his hand to gather it.

Many a time, as we travelled along the country, which, like England, teems with knapsacked-pilgrims returning to their families, we saw them turn aside as often as exhausted nature demanded refreshment, and drawing forth the crust with which they had furnished the pouch at the last village, stretched themselves along between the rows of the vineyard. It was then we felt how rich a boon was the vine; the groaning board of fastidious opulence could have furnished no banquet so delicious; for the pencil

this is a fine subject; the unfavourableness of the vernal quarter of the year had rendered the other productions of the garden rather scarce. Indeed, I question much, if at any time the legumes of France are to be accompanied with those of England; they possess, I believe, all the different species which are cultivated in our gardens, but few of the rich varieties of late introduced to our tables. The people are too poor to be able to pamper their appetites with expensive productions; but, if their legumes are scarce, their fruit, their corn, their poultry, and their game are abundant, and superlatively excellent.

In comparison with their bread, we have nothing worthy to be mentioned. I have already spoken of their fowls, their partridges, and their hares; dressed after the French, or the English modes, the flavour is exquisite, and the juice abundant; of venison, I saw none; the sovereignty of the people has made more dreadful havock among the deer than among themselves; the same may be said of the wild boar; the swinish multitude would have acted with more consistency had they spared their brethren, and pointed their rage against the wolves; but, to use a provincial proverb, "the wolf brings grist to the mill---the wild boar *is very good eating*." This is the grand primum mobile and solution of every difficulty which occurs in this world.

What will excite John Bull's amazement most, after finding that there are things in France of superior quality to things of the same order, genus, species, &c. in England, is the price at which these things are to be purchased. While he is paying from 10s. to 16s. per couple for fowls, in the markets of the metropolis, he will scarcely believe, that at Laval, Sablé, at La Flêche, and many other places which might be mentioned, better ones are at this moment to be purchased for as many pence; but, the fact is certain, chickens are there 10d. per couple; ducks 1s. do. the paulard de la mans, which weighs about eight pounds, will cost, perhaps, 2s. 6d. a turkey as much; a goose something less; mutton excellent as the mutton of Bagshot for 2d. halfpenny, or 3d. per pound; veal equally admirable at the same price; of beef and pork I will say little. The French hogs are an execrable variety of the grunting family, long legged as greyhounds, and thin as lanthorns, whom neither art nor nature can fatten. Beef is seldom in request but to make soup, in which fat would be a superfluity, of course the ox is seldom indulged with good living preparatory to the pole-ax. Fuel is the only article which can be said to be expensive in this part of France, and this is matter of choice. The people entertain, and cherish still, all their antient prejudices against the use of fossil-coal, and continue to burn

burn wood at a great price, though they can obtain pit-coal of an admirable quality, *the product of their own mines*, at 6d. per bushel.

At Sablê we were introduced to a family from L——l, who came to spend a fortnight with our friend F------s previous to the nuptials of the youngest daughter. Its history is too interesting to be passed over in silence: in the hands of a writer of tenderness and imagination it might be worked up into a beautiful pathetic story. I shall give you a few particulars which were detailed to me partly by Madam D------y, partly by her friends; when you have read them you will unite with me in the veneration in which I hold her character, and the character of her amiable children. I will only say, that the details are literally as they were communicated to me, and most correctly true; though bearing strong features of romance, I can vouch for their authenticity.

Mons. D---- was for many years a merchant of the highest reputation, and most extensive commerce in L----l. Inspired with the genuine spirit of patriotism, his efforts to advance the trade and manufactures of his native country to the greatest possible extent were unwearied; and possessing, at the same time, a cool and temperate judgment, combined with no small degree

of mercantile information, steadiness, and penetration; his private fortune, which was originally ample, received a very considerable augmentation; and his reputation from day to day encreasing, at length reached the foot of the throne. As the reward of his eminent services, Louis the Fifteenth presented him with the cross of St. Louis, and indulged him, from time to time, with contracts of the highest consequence to the state, and most productive profit to himself. Alas! these marks of distinction, so far from conducing to his advantage, proved his bane, and involved him in incalculable misfortunes; added to his known wealth, they served to constitute that crime for which thousands bled.

From the commencement of the revolution he had taken the popular side of the question; the enormous mass of oppression which ambitious monarchs and wicked ministers had accumulated upon the suffering multitude, could not fail to excite his pity; he saw that liberty was the only effectual antidote for such grievances; he rejoiced in the dawning of better days, and hailed the "day spring" which seemed to be rising upon his country.

Unhappily, Louis XVI. was faithless to his oaths, and listening, in a moment big with misfortune,

fortune, to the persuasions of the evil geniusses who crowded around him, he forsook his palace; deserted his people; dissolved the textures of the government, and paid the forfeiture of his treason with his life. From that moment anarchy and confusion reared their gorgon heads; the grand assemblage of talents, which constituted the first legislative body, was driven from its station; ruffians usurped the reins of the empire, and spread horror and desolation through the land.

Among the scourges of mankind brought into power by these fatal measures, was *one* who stood indebted to Mr. D----y 1500l. By way of discharging the debt, he so managed his affairs that Mr. D----y, his wife, his six elegant and accomplished daughters, and as many of his relatives as could possibly have claimed this 1500l. were one and all inserted in the proscribed list, the effect of which is but too well known. The blood runs cold with horror at the enormous atrocity of such a crime; we blush when we recollect that we are allied to monsters, who, for the sake of a pitiful 1500l. could thus doom a whole innocent, amiable, nay, patriotic family, root and branch, to destruction! But these are small things compared with the crimes perpetrated in France at this mournful epoch.

F----s la P---- was one of the commissioners delegated, at this guilty moment, to traverse the departments; to canvas the delinquencies of the accused: and pronounce the vengeance of the laws upon those who were found faithless to the common cause of the people; and, happy had it been for this ill-starred country, had his colleagues breathed the same spirit, and acted upon the same liberal principles with him. It is a proud reflection for him, that while, like ravening tigers, they seemed to have had no end in view but to "*hurt and to destroy*," it was his business to preserve its best citizens to the republic, and now retires to well-earned tranquillity and peace, with the epithet *Le bon F----s.*

He had been pursuing his mission through the center of sedition, when some intimations of what was projecting against the D----y family happily reached him. He instantly hoisted his colours upon his chariot, and, with the utmost possible speed, posted to L----l. The commissioner appointed to try *its* crimes was already arrived; and, he knew that an arrest was neither more nor less than the signal of death. The business he had undertaken was full of danger; passing before Mr. D----y's town-house, he saw the old gentleman sitting pensive in his chair, reclining his temples upon his hand; F--s just noticed him with an inclination of the head, and hurried on

on for fear of awakening suspicion. The commissioners supped together; and, in the morning previous to the commencement of business, walked round the town, to view its castles, to inspect its manufactories, &c. &c. F——s insensibly drew his companion to Mr. D——s; the commissary gazed with admiration—extolled the charms of the situation, the taste displayed in the improvement of it—the walks—the trees—the beauties of art and nature collected there,—when, accidentally discovering that it was the property and retreat of Mr. D——y, he turned short on Mr. la P——, "I must not, sir, amuse myself here—I have some previous duties of severity to discharge." This naturally led to some explanations, and terminated in the full disclosure of the infamous business upon his hands.

F——s only begged, that before he proceeded to arrest the family, he would judge for himself; "go to them—dwell with them, and tell me then if you can doom them to destruction!" He consented—was introduced to the D——'s, and finally lodged with them, as the principal family in L——l.

What were F——s emotions the feeling heart may conceive, but no words can say, when three days afterwards he was presented with the fatal list, from which the D——y name was erased, and

and thanked, with tears of gratitude in his eyes, by his colleague, for having interposed his good offices, and rescued him from the eternally cutting reflection, that he had destroyed a family entitled to every degree of protection and favour. I need not say, that the meeting betwixt the D——ys (who till this moment had remained ignorant of the snare laid for them) and their much-loved friend F——s was tenderly impassioned: these are scenes which imagination must supply—they mock all the powers of decription.

Nor, was this the only instance in which this venerable and truly dignified character was thus cruelly requited by the country to whose welfare all his exertions had been directed. During the conflicts betwixt the royalists and the republicans, L——l was frequently the seat and center of their horrid outrages. Armies were without, armies were within, and the miserable inhabitants, exposed to all the wantonness of military licentiousness knew not where to turn; to remain in their houses was almost to await the slow, but certain approach of famine, preceded by insult and injury; to quit them was to rush upon the murderous bayonet. Such, however, were the atrocities committed by the "*Christian army,*" that it seemed almost impossible to await *its* approaches. The tales of horror which preceded it filled Mr. D——y's shuddering soul with the most

most painful apprehension. He trembled for his own grey hairs---he trembled for the partner of his sorrows---but he trembled more for the six lovely females who looked up to him for the protection it was not in his power to give them!

The *Blues* having been worsted, and the victorious party pursuing them towards L---l, in agony and distress which they knew not how to bear, they all determined, if possible, to gain a little country-house at some distance from the town. They quitted B--- A---. He was discovered crossing some fields, Madame D---y resting upon his arm, and the melancholy train of daughters following close behind them: his flight was construed into a crime; and in a few moments, a legion of assassins surrounded, and presented their bayonets to his breast. In frantic anguish the mother and her daughters clung round their only support; they folded him in their arms; they pressed the knees of their pursuers, and with all the eloquence of female distress intreated for their father's grey hairs. At length they so far succeeded that his life was spared for the present, and they were all conducted back to the horrors from which they had but just fled, there to await their doom!---But heaven interposed at length, and sent his swift vengeance to requite the guilty and rescue innocence

cence from farther insult.---Marçeau, as before mentioned, who had vanquished the priest-goaded hordes at La Mans, vanquished them here again; compelled them to evacuate the town, and strew the sand-hills with their carcases.

Madame D----y and her family were hereby enlarged once more; and the garrison which was placed in L----l under General Humbert of Irish memory, insured them from further personal injury; but this was all the succour that this intrepid soldier could afford them. The exactions, to which they were subjected were to the last degree oppressive, and finally terminated in totally stripping them of the entire gains of a whole life devoted to business, under circumstances the most favourable, and attended with the most brilliant success.

Events like these could not fail to lie heavy upon a heart of sensibility, and bear upon threescore years and ten with a force almost insupportable. He lived to see many of the enemies of his country humbled; and those who, but a few years before, were with line and compass parcelling it out among themselves, sueing for peace at her feet; reverses of fortune which seemed to console him under his deprivations, but

but they came too late---they cast a gleam of sunshine upon his closing day---but misfortune had done its work !

Having mentioned the name of Humbert, I will give you one anecdote of him---as it is honourable to humanity, and serves to illustrate the difficulty to which a man of three thousand per annum was reduced by a revolution, in the horrors of which *we* have been so deeply engaged.

Humbert, we have said, was stationed at L----l: he is descended from parents of the meanest rank, and is totally devoid of the advantages of even the humblest education---without friends --- without fortune: he possesses alone a firm masculine figure, great goodness of heart, strong natural sense, shining military talents, and bravery undaunted even in the most appalling dangers: but these were qualifications which, in an age and country where merit, not lineage, was sought after; where ability, not corruption, was the path to distinction, could not fail to recommend him to notice; at a very early stage of the revolution, he had been called from the ranks and entrusted with command, and he had never disappointed the trust reposed in him. Mons. D----y saw his worth, and honoured him with his friendship---he was intimate

as

as a brother at B--- A---, and affectionately esteemed by all the members of the family.

The turbulent succession of events at length removed him from the friends he loved ; and the rapidly augmenting difficulties of the state compelled its pilots to resort to measures of the most violent complection to meet its necessities---forced loans were reiterated, and yet the evil continued unremedied, or rather encreasing still. The bulk of their ready cash Monsieur and Madame D----y had deposited where none but themselves knew---his horses, his plate, the jewels of his wife, had all been sold to answer these repeated demands upon them, and purchase its daily bread for his family, till at length all these resources became exhausted. A fresh requisition was made ; he knew not how to answer it, to refuse, he dared not---the whole family were of course thrown into the greatest consternation, and the deepest despair sat brooding on every countenance.

At this afflicted moment, Humbert being upon some expedition, determined to turn aside to visit his friends at L----l---but how was he shocked to meet his once serene and chearful friend silent, pensive, melancholy, the swimming tear but just repressed ! Tenderness forbade him to probe the wound with which he saw but too well the

the heart was pierced.---Madame D----y, having accidentally quitted the apartment, Humbert turned to one of his daughters, and with the tenderest interest in his accent, enquired into the cause of this universal dejection. She frankly told him. Like an arrow darting from a bow he hastened to the old gentleman's apartment---gently reproached him with unkindness---requested permission to furnish him with whatever he might want. No.---Monsieur D---- was immoveable as Humbert was urgent---no distress should persuade him to redress his difficulties by trespassing upon the generosity of a soldier of fortune. They parted for the night: in the morning the General reiterated his request, and was again as peremptorily refused as before.---He mounted his horse; Monsieur D----y accompanied him to the gate---their adieus were tender and affectionate: but no sooner had Monsieur D----y turned round to regain his house, than Humbert drew from his pocket a purse of two hundred louis, tossed them over the old gentleman's head into his path-way, clapped spurs to his horse, and was out of sight in a moment.

During the interval betwixt their capture in the fields and the decease of Monsieur D----y, an attachment having been formed betwixt one of his daughters and his nephew, Monsieur P. D---,

D----, whom he had received from the earliest infancy, and pronounced an adopted son, the nuptial day was fixed---the bridal ornaments were purchased: every thing was ready, they waited alone for the return of F----s from Italy, where he had been appointed Comptroller-General of the French army in that quarter. It was a father's request. It was but three weeks more and the saviour of his family would attend to give new joy, to add fresh zest to the pleasures of the nuptial day.---Unhappy father, thy cup of misery was not full!---one cruel thrust more awaited thy bleeding heart! The harassed mind of Victoire, tormented by the memory of the numberless untoward accidents which had crossed her path, and harassed by the gloomy apprehension of others yet in store, could sustain itself no longer---she sunk down upon her bed---delirium presently followed---every effort to reclaim her scattered senses proved unavailing: for a few days she continued calling for her husband---pressing him to her burning bosom, and utterly rejecting both food and medicine but when administered by his hand.---Exhausted nature at length gave up the conflict; and, upon the bosom on which she had fondly hoped to repose her head in all the soft delight of conjugal affection, she breathed her last!---The unhappy P--- gazed for a moment upon the lifeless corpse of her he loved in unutterable anguish; then uttered a cry

a cry as though his heart was rending, and rushed madly out of the house---it was impossible for him to return. He mounted his horse, and sought what, alas! it was unable to give him in the house of their common friend, F----s ; and here, as soon as possible, the weeping family followed him. Her remains, and the remains of another sister since dead, have been removed, on the sale of the churches from the annexed burying ground, and are deposited in the garden at B---le. A simple monument of black marble surrounded by mournful cypress, and overshadowed by the weeping willow, points out the spot.

This painful stroke *seems*, however, to have been the winding up and consummation of their sorrows, (but for the death of Monsieur D----y, which was yet reserved for them,) the last arrow in the quiver of adversity. Heaven grant it may! ---it is mournful, it is fatal to virtue when we see it thus afflicted, forsaken, abandoned to calamity and distress---we perceive the wisdom, the propriety of the decision, when the swift vengeance of eternal equity overtakes the proud oppressor, and hurls his glory to the ground---we bow with adoring reverence, and are confirmed in our pious purpose to make the attributes of the Divinity the model of our lives! But when excellence, almost divine, is deserted---when

bending beneath the pressure of triumphant wickedness it turns its imploring eyes towards the sky---when it bathes the feet of the Eternal with its tears, and from day to day sues, but sues in vain for pity, for comfort, for deliverance---then we are not to wonder that the feeble mind faints---we must drink deep as Job in the divine oracles, or be dejected and cast down when our hope is thus miserably shipwrecked!

At Sable' the promise seems to have been fulfilled---" that He who breaks us will bind us up again." The unhappy P---- received every kind attention which the tenderest sympathy could pay him; they all felt for themselves, despoiled of a member of their little circle almost adored; but they felt infinitely more for him---and the testimonies of their affection were of a complection which, in an age like the present, will be almost considered romantic: but these must not be mentioned yet.---

In their visit to F----s, and the unhappy youth who had flown to him in the paroxysm of his distress, they were attended by a young man of polished manners, fine figure, and good fortune, who had come from Paris to mingle his tears with theirs, and to weep over the remains of the hapless *Victoire*. He had been some time since introduced into the family, and the intimacy betwixt

betwixt him and Mons. D----y was so evidently cordial, that it was concluded a matter beyond doubt that the old gentleman had fixed upon him for a son-in-law; the consequence was as might have been expected. One of the young ladies became strongly attached to him; she avowed it to her mother; who, seeing no substantial objection to the match, took the opportunity as soon as they were retired for the night, to mention it to Mons. D----y. He replied, "it would not do; Mons. La M---- was not a man of family, and begged he might hear no more of it."

In the morning, the conversation was detailed to the enamoured daughter, who justly observed that "*in the then existing state of affairs, family was a misfortune, that it would have been much better for them had they not been noble.*"---Madame D----y felt the force of the observation, and accordingly the following evening renewed the conversation with her husband, mentioning what Miss D----y had said---but the old gentleman cut the business short in a moment, seizing his pillow like Mr. Shandy as he turned round, by declaring in the most peremptory manner---"*It must not, cannot be.*" Madame D----y perceived immediately that there was some mystery, not the want of family, at the bottom of this business; and P. D----y, being at that time at Paris, she wrote to him, requesting him to in-

vestigate as much as possible who Mons. La M--e was, and what were his family and connections, mentioning the circumstances already detailed. Being upon terms of the most undisguised intimacy with La M----e, P. D----y instantly appealed to himself; and after a considerable struggle received for answer, "It must not, cannot be, because the brother cannot marry the sister." It is unnecessary to add that this answer was given under the sacred bond of secrecy. It was to be confined to his own, and the bosom of Madame D----y. Here was light cast upon this obscure and impenetrable business --- but how was she to reconcile it with Mons. D----y's known character, who was in fact a man of the strictest moral purity --- the most affectionate of fathers and friends? The ray served but to render the darkness darker!

In this state of mysterious uncertainty things continued when Victoire died, and the whole family came to seek the heart-broken P---at Sable'. During this mournful visit, Mons. D----y and Mons. F----s being walking in the park, the afflicted state of his family led the former to a review of many of the prominent features of his history which he detailed to his friend. At length he paused---for a moment he seemed to muse; when

when, snatching Mons. F---'s hand, " But (says he) there is one circumstance which I must divulge to you ere I die : it has long lain heavy upon my heart, and I must request your assistance in opening it to my family.---You believe me to be a man of the correctest morals;but look at my grey hairs, and behold my blushes while I confess " *that I have*"----he stopped----" *that I have*"----he stopped again ; the struggle of his feelings was too powerful for utterance :---" *that I have, a son.*"---A son ! exclaimed F---- with astonishment. " *Yes, a son, replied the old gentleman; and La M---- is that son. He was born six months before my marriage with Madame des Fr---y ; but incapable of abandoning the fruit of youthful indiscretion to want and wretchedness, I attended at his birth. I sealed him with an indelible mark upon each of his arms ; I have visited him in secret ; I have educated him with care and tenderness ; I have established him in business ; and, am happy to add, that all my cares are amply repaid. He is a young man of which the first family in the republic might be proud : for a long time have I sighed for an opportunity to introduce him to my wife and daughters as my son ; but the uncertainty which hangs over me compelled me to be silent ; I know not if they would receive him, and rejection would bring me with sorrow to the grave : my daughter's attachment to him however now compels me; it is*

indispensable that I now acknowledge him and meet the worst.---It must be yours to complete your friendship for me by aiding me in this important eclairissement."

Without the smallest hesitation, Mons. F----s undertook the office, though delicate and difficult: his delight is to do good; and to say that the affair was managed by him, is to say that it was adroitly done.

To her eternal honour, Madame D---y flew into the arms of the trembling, hoping La M---e, who had been first apprized of his relationship to the family about a year before---pressed him to her bosom with a mother's fondness; declared she would consider herself his mother, and presented him to her daughters as their brother. The daughters caressed him with extacy; kissed again and again the impression upon his arms, and congratulated one another with the most unaffected joy on having found such a brother; even she whose fond hope was thus for ever crushed, rushed too into his arms, exclaiming--- "*If I may not press him to my breast as my husband, I yet may embrace him as my brother.*"--- And one and all united in declaring that he should share the family name and the family fortune with them.---But here La M----e begged leave

leave to dissent "*the name he would receive with joy, and ever account it his highest honour---but nothing more.---His father had before given him an education---to crown the whole, he had now given him a mother and sisters tenderly esteemed and beloved; and the welcome which they had given him to their hearts was enough---he wanted no more---he would receive no more.*" The conflict of generosity was animated; but Madame D----y and the sisters were peremptory and inflexible: in fine, la M----e submitted.

The father's feelings at this exquisite moment were overwhelming---while the tears were chasing one another down the care-ploughed furrows of his countenance.---"*My children* (cried he, looking upon his daughters) *you have blessed indeed your father; and you Madame* (catching Madame D----y in his arms) *never have you made me so completely happy as in this moment.*" A deed was immediately drawn up and executed by them all, adopting him as a son and a brother.

The developement of the mystery was of too exquisite a cast for a breaking heart to bear!---the tide of bliss which rushed in upon the family absolutely overwhelmed, once more, the unhappy P---. He silently withdrew from the saloon: *Oh what would have been the emotions of his be-*

loved Victoire had she been permitted to see this happy day !---Oh, with what unfeigned joy would she not have participated in her sisters' delight ! ---What would have been their feelings as hand-in-hand they stepped forward to receive a brother to their arms !" He was presently missed by the joyous circle ; their pleasures could not render them forgetful of another's sorrows---they divined the cause of his retirement, and immediately sought for him, wishing to divert his melancholy, and to warm his benighted soul in the rays of the sun-shine which were just risen upon them : alas ! they knew not what were his feelings---they found him in the garden, pacing the ground with unequal broken steps, turning his reproachful glances toward the sky---his eyes streaming with tears---his heart sobbing with unutterable anguish. For wounds like his there is no cure but sympathy and indulgence---joy---nay more, even consolation is poison till time has abraded the keen sense of suffering, and patience allayed the tempest ! They mingled their tears once more together ; it was all that they could do. The heavy-laden heart was soothed, but to join the party was impossible.

Having conducted him to his apartment this amiable group of females returned to the saloon : ---but what a group ! such a rare assemblage of worth but seldom exhibits itself to the eyes of mortals,

mortals ; one would almost suppose that it were a celestial convoy come down "*on errands full of love*" "*to bind up the broken-hearted,*" to repair the wrongs which Mr. D----y had suffered from his ungrateful countrymen, and bless the going down of his evening sun !---Their hearts were heavy ; P---s' anguish had carried them back to Victoire's dying-bed---they wept for her, and they wept for him :---the happy, happy father was waiting their return. "Unhappy P---s ! (exclaims one of them as she entered) he has lost his wife ! he has lost his every thing on earth ! but let us do whatever is possible to mitigate his sufferings ; it is the only method of expressing our attachment to her which now remains.---You had promised, Sir, to associate him with you in the business ; O let him be associated still, and let the fortune you had promised him be paid him still." One and all united in the request. The venerable pair wept again with joy---they had never seen generosity like this before, and felt justly proud of such daughters !---"It shall be so, my children (sobs the delighted D---y) ; he shall receive his destined wife's portion, and he shall instantly be made a partner in the house ; and happy shall I be if, when time shall soften his anguish, and Clemence be marriageable, he can fix the heart upon her which was once Victoire's !"

One

One thing only is now wanting farther to render us all (exclaims another) as completely happy as it is possible under the present circumstances to be.---" You recollect Sir, the fortune of my sister Le C---- was paid in assignats---those assignats are now become worth nothing: ---it is our united request that her fortune be paid her anew in hard cash, and each of us will joyfully bear her proportion of the loss !" To requests like these it was impossible to withhold consent. ---The instrument which acknowledged La M---e as a brother and a son, was no sooner executed, than the notary was commanded to prepare others to the effect above-mentioned, which were instantly executed; also the countenance of each of these almost angelic females beamed with more than human sweetness as she took the pen with which she signed her dereliction of so large a portion of her inheritance !

Humanity never shone in brighter colours than on this memorable day---a day which lifted a burden more weighty than a mill-stone from D----y's heart; which gave to his wife just the son she would have sought of heaven---a brother to her daughters---to P--- D---y and to Madame Le C----k tokens of friendship and affection most softly soothing---richer than the mines of Potosi ---more estimable than all the gems of Golconda ! Never before in this cold-blooded money-calculating

lating world have I met aught so noble aught so divine!

My introduction to this family not only compensates for all the pains, for all the dangers to which my excursion to the continent has exposed me, it puts me in good humour with my species again---it tells me that it is not totally corrupt, and gives me an anticipation of that sublime excellence to which it will one day I trust be elevated!

The wish of Mons. D---y with regard to P----r and his youngest daughter was cherished by him to the last, but never more publickly hinted:--- alas! he lived not to see that wish accomplished ---his venerable partner was more happy!---P--r D---y had too much good sense, was too deeply affected by the memory of its kindness to look beyond the family at B--- A---; a family with which monarchs might be proud to ally themselves, while there remained a sister to fill his widowed arms; and *Clemence*, as she advanced in years, advancing also in every charm which could engage the affection of a man of sense, seemed to present to him every thing his heart could wish.---He offered her his hand; and she, conscious of his worth, conscious of her family's united wish, accepted it.

Dismissing

Dismissing then the agonizing events on which we have so long dwelt, let us turn *now* to the more enlivening scenes to which that consent introduced us; and, here I shall transcribe for you a letter written to a friend at the moment.

"Among the light-hearted beings with whom we are surrounded, it will be conceived, that a marriage must be a joyous time—and such, indeed, we found it; but, ere we enter upon the detail of a French wedding, it is necessary to premise, that in France this said business requires a great deal of previous preparation. Many will smile, and lift up their hands in admiration, perhaps in pity, when they are told, that few of the younger members of the community have been instructed even in the first principles of christianity. During the convulsions of the revolution, all the seminaries of instruction were dissolved; no man dared avow himself a christian but at the hazard of his life—nay, his last injunction to his servants, parting with them at night, was, that they would be careful to whisper their evening prayer, lest his neighbours should over-hear them.

"The grand object of the visit was, therefore, that the bride elect might receive some lectures from my friend upon this hitherto neglected subject—confess all the little follies and failings of her life—receive the mass—be absolved from her sins

sins—and prepared for commencing a new score with clean hands. All this the gentleman goes through as well. As soon as this important business was accomplished, and both were made good christians, thoroughly washed from the old leaven and the new, they returned home, and in a few days we followed them. Arrived—about four in the afternoon the notary, with his parchments, made his appearance, which were read to us all assembled in full convocation, and signed by every one present.—A clandestine marriage in France is impracticable.

" Coffee and *liqueurs* were then handed round to us, and, except one or two sober ones, whose gravity, or perhaps infirmity, forbade it, those that were, and those that longed to be married, joined in the merry dance till 10 o'clock in the morning; when Mr. ——, the mayor of the town, came forward, with its archives under his arm—the outline of the marriage-contract having been inserted, during the interval, in them. This having been once more read aloud to the surrounding auditory, and signed again by each of us, the mayor, the bridegroom, and the bride, advanced into the middle of the saloon, where the former solemnly interrogated each of them separately, if they took the one the other, *voluntarily*, for better for worse. This being answered in the affirmative, he pronounced them man and wife.—

This is the civil marriage authorised by the new order of things, and the only marriage which it considers binding.

" The qualms of conscience, however, in the new Christians, required something more than this: accordingly, as soon as the clock struck twelve, we all descended to the bottom of the garden, where two large barges awaited us; we embarked, and, in about five minutes, were landed close under a little chapel belonging to a private family, where M. la P——, having previously arrayed himself in the vestments of the whore of Babylon, to speak as a good protestant, met us; hence we advanced, in solemn procession, to the communion-table, where they were married again, as all good children ought to be, according to the ritual of the mother church; which, by the bye, were it pruned of its everlasting see-sawings, crossing, bowing, kneeling, and scraping, would be much less ridiculous and *offensive* than the absolutely indecent forms of the church of England.

" One thing, however, I must mention more, there are two rings charmingly devised, and exquisitely wrought; these were put, during the ceremony, into a silver bason, together with a five-moidore-piece, and sprinkled, from time to time, by a sprig of myrtle dipped in holy-water. Towards

Towards the close of the whole the rings were returned, one to each, to keep the bridegroom and the bride in mind of their duties to each other—the five-moidore-piece remained for the good of the church.

"The business being thus finished, and the one tied to the other as fast as heaven and earth could bind them, the mass was celebrated; I expected that, at least, the new-linked pair would have been partakers—but my good friend judging, perhaps, that all of us had received a "quantum sufficit," already, chose to keep the wine to himself. Bread is dispersed with the benediction pronounced; we all returned to our barges, and, as many of us *as chose it*, presently separated for the night.

"At two, the next afternoon, we all assembled again to partake of the nuptial banquet; and, as soon as the evening closed, the pleasure-ground was illuminated—an immense awning, extended by the four corners to as many trees, formed a canopy, and beneath it we danced joyously till two the ensuing morning. *Now comes the finale*—

"At four, the following Sunday afternoon, the bride and bridegroom, superbly dressed, sparkling with nuptial presents, took their seats in the grand

grand saloon, with relatives and friends branching off to right and left, and forming a crescent with them; and, forthwith all the fashion of the town, antique, and modern, were seen coming forward like an army—the ladies to be kissed by the bridegroom, the gentlemen to kiss the bride; and, not unfrequently, were the latter seen smacking each other with a warmth and cordiality even greater than that with which they saluted the ladies. It is truly laughable to see two immense grizzly beards thus entwined and interlacing with each other: the Frenchmen suffer their beards to cover the greater half of their countenances.

"This truly toilsome business having lasted about five hours, the tide, which came steadily in at one door, and flowed out at the other, began to slacken; and I was happy to see it—to use an English colloquial expression, the bride was completely fagged: it must be a complete antidote to kissing for three months at least."

The face of the country from Sablé to Laval is mildly picturesque—but the soil is poor; forests accompany us a large portion of the distance between them, which, during the convulsions of the revolution, served as a shelter to the royal banditti that infested the country, and completely cut off all connection betwixt the northern and southern

ern extremities of the country—a circumstance which gave occasion to many a mournful tragedy. One must be mentioned as a specimen of the rest: the sister of F——s la P—— had been professed among the *filles de Charité*—an order of nuns whose business is to nurse the sick and afflicted poor, and to administer medical aid to them, in the principles of which they were instructed in their convents. She had been summoned together, with another of her sisters, from La Flêche to Laval. The journey was infinitely dangerous, but the danger weighed nothing when ballanced against duty; they set out in a cabriolet, and happily accomplished their object without molestation.

At Laval there were, as might reasonably be expected, those who panted, and longed to convey intelligence of themselves to their friends at La Flêche, from whom they had long been separated, as completely as if the ocean had flowed between them; they loaded the poor post-boy with letters. Alas! in the forest, the Chouans met him; they hurried him to an adjoining village. Letters from patriots to patriots were upon him. It was enough—though unconscious of wrong as his horses—though simple as an infant, it availed him nothing; from the examination of his pocket he was hurried to the guillotine, and in a few mi-

nutes paid the forfeit of another man's imprudence with his head.

On the route from Sablé to Laval there were two bridges of stone which had been erected but a few years previous to the revolution at a very considerable expense: these have been demolished, but are now repairing, at the cost of the nation, as are all the roads in these western departments: the exertions of this description, which meet our notice wherever we go, are astonishing.

At Meslay, where we changed our horses, we were shewn the remains of an antient castle; during the conflicts betwixt the different villages of the forest (for these waged a petit war among themselves, while the republic fought its enemies upon a larger scale abroad) the inhabitants of this place having been vanquished by the inhabitants of the neighbouring village, were compelled to seek shelter within its walls; and, there sustaining a long and tiresome siege—of cannon neither party possessed a single piece, or the matter must have come to a short issue. Aided, at length, by a few scientific murderers from the *Christian army*, the assailants carried a mine under the foundation of one of the towers; and, in an evil moment, blew it and its inhabitants up together

together. Imagination can scarcely picture to itself a state of horror more complete than this---village *pitted* against village, house against house, when man was compelled to fly from the face of man, to regard every one he encountered in his way as a murderer, and to feel himself then only secure when his neighbour lay bleeding at his feet.

I remember, long since, to have been deeply interested in the narratives contained in the "American Farmer's Letters"—but little did I think that I should ever traverse the grounds where enormities like those so simply detailed by him had been committed---where the peasant had been compelled to turn his fields with his musquet leaning on his plough, with his sabre slung at his side, and his children perched on the surrounding trees to watch for their father's safety, and warn him of the assassin creeping along, like a wily fox, beneath the covert of the hedge to destroy him---where scarcely a night was seen to pass away without being illuminated by the blaze of burning cottages. In fact, the night was generally chosen for the exploits of the Chouans. Guilt like theirs shuns the light of day---hence they were called Chouans, which signifies the owls.

Laval is situated upon the Mayenne, and I believe is the principal town in the department. It contains an antient gloomy castle, the proprietor of which headed those nightly depredators in many of their expeditions; and, after the bloody conflict betwixt them and Marçeau beforementioned, being taken prisoner, was guillotined in the court-yard, fronting his own apartment. He had many a time curbed their infernal fury, and spared the lives of several republican prisoners of respectability who fell into his hands, for whose blood they were thirsting;---though a traitor to his country, he went to the scaffold accompanied by the sighs and tears of thousands whose politics were diametrically opposed to his ---such is the hold which humanity takes upon the heart. It has also a handsome gothic church, and a very numerous population. The linen manufactory carried on here merits attention; the extent of it is not exceeded in France; and the fabric, or texture, is admirable---it fully equals the linens of Holland, and is, perhaps, 20 per cent cheaper. At what is called the Mazure, a bleaching-ground at some considerable distance from Laval, we saw an establishment of that sort, the largest of the kind, belonging to an individual, which I have ever met with;---probably, not less than 200 acres were whitened with numberless pieces of linen, of various fineness,

ness, bleaching in the sun. The whole preparatory process was fully explained, and the workshops thrown open to us; but I observed nothing with which I was not already acquainted; in many respects their machinery is capable of great improvement. It was with sincere regret that I perceived numerous casks of spirit of vitriol, and the muriatic acid arranged beside the bucking-house. Manufactures and philosophers may plead to eternity in favour of this new adopted method. The use of those corrosive acids serves only to return the capital quickly into the *first hands*. It is a destructive process, and he that would obtain good linen must bleach it as his forefathers did, and be content to wait till the sun and rain have perfected the work.

Delauney, famed for planting the tree of liberty in front of his house while embassador from France to the United States of America, was descended from a truly amiable and respectable family in Laval. He was an impetuous young man, drunk with republicanism; in vain did the congress remonstrate with him, and, by various gentle methods, endeavour to beguile him into the removal of the obnoxious emblem. He was immoveable in his purpose. They passed the decree, that it should be taken down at all events, and a file of musqueteers were sent with express orders to remove it: they found

him embracing the tree with a loaded pistol in each hand---but, unawed by the menacing posture which he had assumed, they proceeded to take him from it by force. He struggled hard, bellowing wild rhapsodies all the while; and, at the instant in which he lost his hold, he clapped the muzzle to his head and drew the fatal trigger; his face was horribly mangled; one of his cheeks was torn off; but, he survived the miserable mutilation, and returned to France; and, in his own country, made himself as conspicuous, by the boldness and temerity of his conduct, as in America. Alas! he saw that the bloody struggles for liberty which she had made were unavailing---he saw her new-born freedom trampled under foot by anarchy and lawless outrage. In wild destraction he rushed to the *Pont-neuf*, and hid himself from the hateful sight for ever.

At Laval, the effects of commerce are peculiarly striking; totally unlike most of the other towns through which we pass, elegance and comfort are here conspicuous; the high lands above the river are beautifully ornamented by the country-houses of the merchants and manufacturers; and, the interior fully answers to the front. An Englishman is here frequently reminded of his dear native isle, and may almost think himself at home. The apartments are fitted up in the English style, and not unfrequently with English furniture;

furniture; and, to crown the whole, hospitality ---that *genuine hospitality* which *once* was English, amply spreads the board, and gives zest to the entertainment.

Taxation has not *here* engulphed the energies of man, nor frozen the genial current of his heart; half a dozen friends superinduced upon a family for as many weeks in England is a very serious concern; at Laval it is nothing---hence the tables of its inhabitants are loaded with continual luxury, and ease and gaiety smile upon every brow.

The manufacturers of Laval enjoy the peculiar protection of the government, which, notwithstanding its own necessities, has again and again stepped forward to aid them in the moment of distress; but, for its interposition, many of the most opulent houses must have fallen in the same common ruin with their neighbours. The Mazure was frequently stripped by the Chouans; 500 pieces of linen were the spoils of their last expedition against it. With a spirit such as this, Mr. P----y and Co. may struggle; but, all his attempts to undermine the manufacturers of France will be unavailing.

From Sablé to La Flêche, which is about 18 miles, the road is excellent, and the country

beautiful; there are many villages finely situated, and improving in picturesque beauty as you proceed. As on the road from thence to Laval, national forests accompany us the greater part of the way, game must be abundant, and we cannot be astonished at the immense quantities of it which are in the season expedited to the capital, amounting to waggon-loads weekly.

La Flêche is a clean little town, pleasantly situated upon Le Loir; it is far better built than the French towns which we have seen; the streets are wide, straight-lined, and commodious, and its general aspect is comfortable. Its situation is very eligible, being surrounded with gentle swelling hills, sloping down to the river, which is navigable to the Sarte; the Sarte to the Loire; and, the Loire to the sea below Nantes. La Flêche, however, chiefly claims attention on account of its college, founded and endowed by the great Henry the Fourth, anno 1603, and placed by him under the controul and direction of the Jesuits. The house is spacious, princely, worthy of the donor: it consisted originally of a noble mansion, the architecture of which is elegant, and of two detatched corresponding wings, one of which had been taken down, and rebuilt in modern taste, when the revolution arrested the hand of improvement, and prevented the other from being rebuilt also.

The

The whole contained accommodations for no less than 600 young gentlemen. Behind is a spacious garden, laid out in the French taste, i. e. in squares and circles, triangles and stars, with here and there a yew-tree, and a juniper, clipped into forms and shapes which cannot offend the commandment; and, beyond the garden, a noble park, in which the students were wont to exercise and divert themselves.

The center part of the building is now converted into the municipality, or town-house; but, the wing which has been rebuilt, is rented of the nation by a gentleman of considerable talents and learning, who has here founded a seminary for the education of youth, over which he presides with considerable celebrity. The remaining wing is returning fast *to the earth out of which it was taken of old.* There were few or none admitted upon this foundation but the sons of the decayed nobility; recollecting that the gentry to the westward of La Flêche were all of the "*noble race of Shenkin,*" and, though poor as Job, upon his dunghill yet noble, Henry generously determined to give what fortune had denied them---to educate them as gentlemen, and enable them thereby to render themselves useful to their country, and retrieve their ruined houses. Did one of these "*corinthian capitals of society*" appear at La Flêche, no matter how much fallen,

en, could he produce indisputable proofs of the privileged stream flowing in his veins, it was enough---the board---the education---the cloathing of his sons cost him not one single sous.

It was princely thus to extend the helping-hand to dignity in distress, and rescue the proud soul of independance from degradation---the almost inevitable consequences of which are practices disgraceful to the perpetrator, and ruinous to society; and never, surely, was there a country in which such exertions were more imperiously demanded! It is almost incredible, but the fact is indisputable, that these *noblemen* having brought their sons to La Flcêhe, were frequently under the necessity of "*begging their way*" back to their *chateaus* again.

At present, it is impossible to carry on the glorious work upon the antient liberal principles ---the royal endowments have been appropriated to the necessities of the state, or rather to the necessities, extravagance, and vice of the wretches who seized its helm---the funds are dissipated ---not even the walls are held by antient tenure---every thing is prostituted—every thing perverted from its original object. Nevertheless, the contrast is striking when we compare the expense of education at La Flêche with the expense of an *inferior* education in England.

Masters

Masters of eminence in the several branches of tuition are here engaged, and youth are taught the living and dead languages, the mathematics, philosophy moral and natural, music, dancing, in short, every thing requisite to the education of a gentleman---are boarded, clothed, and lodged for fifty guineas per annum. There are at present about 200 upon the list; many of them belonging to the first families in the surrounding departments.

A few of the wealthier young Britons begin also again to appear at La Flêche. It would be well for them could it be said that they had learned wisdom in the school of adversity, and had acquired a disposition to submit tacitly to the rank to which the general voice of the nation has brought them back. Alas! they are proud and arrogant as ever! totally insensible to the indulgence which has permitted them and their fathers to return to the patrimony of their ancestors; they are continually caballing amongst themselves, cherishing odious distinctions, and evidently wait with impatience for the opportunity of trampling the *roturieu* in the dust again! from such a race what is to be expected? If adversity cannot humble them, if indulgence cannot mollify them---to what process must the guardian of the public peace next resort?

It may not be amiss to mention ere I quit La Flêche, that an English lady availing herself of the infinite advantages resulting from the neighbourhood of the college, has there also instituted a *female* seminary upon the same principles with the one above-mentioned, and with the assistance of the same tutors. The young ladies are here taught every female accomplishment; boarded and cloathed for forty guineas per annum. About forty are here assembled; and their countenances bespeak a good table, and their manners the cares of a gentlewoman.---It will be recollected that La Flêche was the favourite retreat of the celebrated David Hume, and that here he composed some of his metaphysical pieces.

We have before described the cabriolets of Dieppe and Rouen. The cabriolet of La Flêche and Angers in which we embarked for the latter place is totally different from them, and infinitely more detestable: with *them* you may compromise the matter tolerably well, and posting to your account before you set out jolts and convulsions innumerable, feel tolerably at your ease with regard to the final safety of your bones.---Here the first motion of the horses is like the signal of alarm; you feel it like an electrical shock in your heart; and, if your female companions be furnished with but a very moderate *quantum*

quantum of that elegant English attainment commonly called "*nervous complaints*," "*affections of the nerves*," and so on, it is succeeded by a general scream.

You have seen in Piccadilly the basket-carts which carry the mails from the post-office to the coaches waiting at the Gloucester-coffee-house for them---take by way of recipe' one of these; let it be four feet wide and nine feet long, and of a height just sufficient to admit your head beneath the cover when it is at rest; pass two planks from side to side by way of benches, and pierce as many air-holes in its side to keep its contents from absolute suffocation. Mount this admirable contrivance upon the hinder axle-tree of a north-country stage-waggon of about two-hundred weight, and attach to each extremity of it a wheel with fellies nine inches by five, and bound with iron in proportion: when all things are ready "*stow away*" three passengers upon each bench, and as many upon the front and back-seat, and pile up, no matter how high, their baggage upon the roof and *voila* the Angers diligence ready to start!

As to the mode of getting forward, the case is much the same through all France; tie on with ropes---it would be a libel upon the words to call it harnessing---tie on four or more old stallions lecherous

lecherous as goats and vicious as d---ls, ever standing in spite of fate one one way, another another; to the off-end of the bit of the off-leader fasten a piece of cord, and let the other extremity of it be attached in like manner to the near end of the bit of the near-leader: the middle part or bow of this curious rein must be passed through an iron-ring dangling from a bow of the same metal, passing round before the conductor and supporting the knee-boot.

The moment of starting being arrived, behold us then packed in like geese in a pannier, one shrugging up his shoulders, another wriggling his rump, a third tugging at the lap of his coat or the tail of her gown on which a fourth is firmly seated; one and all fretting, grumbling, at each others unpoliteness; and do not forget that we are in lat. 47 with a sun over our heads across the flaming disk of which a cloud has not passed these six weeks, shining with such intense brilliancy as absolutely to fire the heaths which surround us! The stallions, as before said, looking every way but the right one; the reins tied with Obadiah's double and treble knots; *Mons. le postilion* in his place; a little pipe of five inches length in his mouth smoking with the rankest and most fœtid tobacco the western world can produce; his whip in both his hands like a flail in

the hands of a thresher; expectation on tip-toe in us all!

No sooner is the eventful *allons* pronounced, than with all his might he levels a tremendous stroke at the buttocks of each of his cattle, accompanying it with an uncouth and horrid yell something like an Irish howl, and away they start, ushering forward in a mode which seems to indicate their intention to pull our poor vehicle, like the martyrs of old, limb from limb; as long as they fail to blunder over the precipice or into the ditch every thing goes on admirably. The idea of quartering the road to avoid the ruggedness of it which neglect has generated, has not yet been imported into France;---indeed, with such harness to carry it into execution, had some plodding speculator conceived it, it would be impracticable. The moment the horses begin to tug the basket begins to swing, and being so heavy-laden on the top it pours forth its griefs in many a fearful creak, and not a few minutes are elapsed ere the stranger can persuade himself that the bottom of his *voiture* is not absolutely escaping from under his feet and the baggage tumbling about his ears:---by dint of flogging, now to the right, now to the left, one while with the thong, another while with the but end of the whip, we contrive to get tolerably in the middle of the road, and to get on at the rate

of

of six miles an hour, but not without infinite danger; and were it not that a carriage is a *rara avis* upon the French roads (the common stage-carts excepted) it would be impossible not to be cast away every hour!

It was night ere we arrived at Angers, and you may suppose we sat with infinite satisfaction anticipating the pleasure of being rattled through its long, dark, and narrow streets—one of our leaders, to crown the whole, being a perfect novice at his business. However, this circumstance turned to our advantage; the postilion questioning his own ability to keep his pupil in the right line, got some one to lead him; and at nine we disembarked at the *messagerie* singing *Te deum* as we passed from it to our friends.

In the morning we rose and began to look around us, and presently found that we had not risqued our bones for nothing. Angers was a favourite station of the Romans, who appear in their choice of situations to have possessed a taste not a whit inferior to the monks. Many remains of the conquerors of the world are yet to be seen. A few of the arches of an aqueduct constructed by them across the river are yet in perfect preservation, and form a very prominent object as you walk beside its busy banks.

The

The town itself has little to recommend it: it is very similar to the other towns which we have visited, and when one of them is described all are described. It has however many a noble mansion within its walls.---The gloomy castle, formerly tenanted by the Plantagenets, in which antiquaries are shewn the tomb of Rene, king of Sicily, together with that of his wife, demands our first attention. The cathedral, of a structure perfectly unique, consisting of one long avenue surmounted by a gothic arched-roof without a pillar, merits inspection. Besides these, various superb religious houses of modern erection, in which simplicity and elegance are united, deserve to be visited. They are now turned to various *useful* purposes.

What is now the *caserne*, was formerly an equestrian academy of high reputation throughout Europe. It is a superb building, and most admirably adapted to the purposes for which it was erected. Peter the great of Russia learnt here the art of horsemanship. Angers has long been the seat of literature. Its university, founded by Louis II. duke of Anjou, in 1246, maintained a reputation fully equal to that of any university in the kingdom; and its academy of the belles-lettres, founded in 1685, was not less illustrious. The church formerly attached to the

university, is now converted into a gallery for paintings, and its numerous appendages are devoted to the arts and sciences.

There is here a well chosen museum, and a very interesting national school.---Professors of natural and experimental philosophy; the mathematics; surgery; medicine; painting; sculpture; botany---are here established with competent salaries at the expense of the nation.

The prefect of *Mayenne* and *Loir*, a gentleman of science and observation, politely attended us through all the various departments, and explained whatever called for explanation: from him we learnt that in all these schools genius is alone sought after, and no partiality shewn but to merit. Instruction is offered to every one who seeks it. He who can afford it is expected to subscribe about *one guinea* per annum---the children of the poor are taught *absolutely gratis*. ---I forgot to say that Angers is situated just below the confluence of the Sarte and the Mayenne, the former having previously received the tributary waters of the lesser Loir, and about three miles from the point where the united streams fall into the Loir. Gazetteers, almost one and all, appear to have been wholly misinformed of its real position.

Previous

Previous to the revolution it carried on a considerable trade in camblets, serges, and mixed-stuffs.---Its commerce is now reviving.---A very extensive manufacture of cotton-handkerchiefs has been lately set on foot in a *ci-devant* convent on the western shore of the Mayenne. The climate is here delectable; the fruits are rich and abundant; the surrounding country furnishes wine in the greatest plenty, some samples of which are scarcely, if at all, inferior to champaigne; and in the skirts of the town we meet a stupendous slate-quarry of the first quality; during the late murderous struggle, this town being seated as it were upon the skirts of La Vendee, exhibited many mournful examples of the detestable effects of "*heaven-born*" interference in the affairs of France---the accusing spirit had here much to do, and the recording angel has filled heaven's high chancery with long---long catalogues of crimes which seas of tears cannot wash out!---Beauties innumerable, which once flourished and gave dignity to Angers, have been totally effaced, and those which remain are miserably mutilated!

It is impossible not to blush as often as we pass by erections which by their elevation served as fair marks for the enemy, or by their beauty commanded respect! Their fine fronts have been pierced by numberless shot, and the choicest

pieces of architecture are shattered to pieces !--- Could the destruction of these *chef-dœuvres* have tended in the smallest degree to advance the cause of the besiegers, it would *even then* have been unpardonable; but when we see, when we are assured that all this desolation neither straightened the imprisoned patriots in the smallest degree, nor could profit the royal cause, it is impossible not to think of the conductors of this execrable warfare but with the detestation in which we hold the Turks and Barbarians burning the Alexandrian libraries!

For a considerable space of time, not less than 30,000 cartridges were daily distributed among the inhabitants, hemmed in on every side, and absolutely on the very brink of famine ;--- from the windows of their houses, from the ramparts on which from time to time they took their busy stations, they gazed on the fields which their own hands had sown, on the vineyards which they had pruned and cultivated, loaded with the richest abundance, and serving, like water to *Tantalus*, but to aggravate the pining misery which consumed them !

One mournful morning being driven to desperation by their necessities, they rushed furiously out of their prison upon their besiegers---alas ! a few of them returned again ere long leaving behind

hind them the slaughtered remains of no less than 800 *fathers of families*, to say nothing of the youths and unmarried men who fell also in this day's horrible carnage!---the dreadful distress of the evening can only be conceived by those who have witnessed similar scenes!---within, without---all was horror and consternation!---one mingled uproar of heart-rending cries and lamentations, and of triumphant shouts from which the shuddering soul of humanity recoils, filled the air;---unsated with blood in the field the victors pursued the flying multitudes to the gates, hewing them down with relentless cruelty, and deaf as adders to the cries and groans with which they begged for quarter---multitudes were of course cut off from retreat, and had nothing to do but seek for refuge in the fields, the vineyards, and the woods!

Among these was Mons. P--- M---; when all was lost he turned his back upon the field, but his victorious foes were betwixt him and his family!---flying he knew not where; fainting with fatigue and apprehension---his heart bleeding for his wife and children who must ere this time have concluded him lost, for ever lost to them---he stumbled upon a *body* lying stretched across his path; there was something about it which excited his attention---he turned it round to learn if possible whose it was, or rather, had been: by

the gleam of moon-shine he recognised the features!---It was his neighbour---it was his friend who had fought by his side! His heavy-laden heart wanted not this fresh accession to its misery!---As he stood mutely gazing on the apparently lifeless corpse, he remarked that it did not bleed---that there was no blood on the ground, nor marks of violence upon it---a ray of hope darted into the mind--- "Who knows---there may be life yet!" In an instant his bare hand was in the bosom of his friend, upon his heart--- "oh God! it throbs yet; perhaps he faints like myself with fatigue; perhaps some small relief may save him yet!"---But whence was that relief to be sought?--- it was apparently hopeless! should he quit the senseless body, the Chouans would ere long find it, and consummate what weariness had begun.---At the risque of his own life he dragged it therefore to an adjoining hedge, in the bushes of which he concealed it and left it!

In a few minutes he found a cottage; the lowly habitation of a female peasant and her children; aware of the direful events of the day they had closed their windows, they had barred their doors, extinguished the fire on the hearth, and the taper which twinkled on the table, and crouching around each other in momentary expectation of outrage and violence, awaited the morning.

morning.---He knocked; every thing was still and silent as the grave.---He knocked louder; it was like soliciting entrance into the tomb--- an hollow echo from within alone replied.---Shuddering with horror; terrified for himself, terrified for his friend, he knocked with more impatience still. This finally brought the trembling woman to her door.---He entreated her to assist him, to receive the dying man, and if possible save him. Alas! she knew the vindictive vengeance of the conquering party! she knew that they ransacked every dwelling!---that to shelter a *blue* beneath her roof was almost to expose herself and her children to instant destruction. Happily Mons. P--- was known to her, and his eloquence prevailed!

She accompanied him to the spot where his friend was laid, and they were fortunate enough to remove him to the humble mansion ere the morning returned. This being accomplished, Mons. P--- was then at liberty to provide for his own safety.---He fled again; and had quitted the house but a short time ere it was surrounded by reeking swords; but, as if weary of persecution, fortune guided the pursuers to every apartment but the apartment in which he had concealed his friend---they rummaged every corner, they pierced with their bayonets every bed, rending the air at the same moment with

their oaths and imprecations, but forgot to visit the roof of the adjoining shed. Thus the pity of the Eternal sometimes deprives the wicked of their judgment, and makes the folly and the heedlessness of iniquity the covert of those whom he compassionates and protects!

But what were the consequences to this tender-hearted female?---It was but a few days ere the *tables were turned* upon the royalists, and this poor affrighted being was arrested, conducted to Angers, impeached for fostering and cherishing the *Chouans*, and in short was almost upon the road to the guillotine! In this distressing moment she recollected this adventure---she bade one of her children go and find Mons. P--- and tell him that her mother was in prison, friendless, hopeless, just upon the point of falling the victim of her humanity!

Mons. P--- needed no eloquence to move him; the artless story was scarcely told ere he was in the midst of the municipal assembly: his brows knit with resentment, his eyes flashing indignation and vengeance upon her accusers. His appeal in behalf of suffering virtue was heard:---the proof of patriotism which he adduced was irresistible. In fine, he carried the widow home with him and restored her to her affrighted

affrighted infants! Oh, now I longed for the civic crown to place it on his brows!

Accustomed thus from day to day, from year to year to slaughter and desolation, we cannot wonder that the national character at length gave way: the most exquisite sensibility may be rendered callous; continual convulsions will blunt the keen edge of our sensibilities, and render us capable of viewing with apathy and unconcern, scenes which once could harrow up the soul---long ere the termination of the conflict its horrid consequences ceased to shock the mind! ---Destruction became the order of the day, and while the cannon were roaring on their ramparts, and platoons were momentarily firing around their walls, the theatres were crowded as in the profoundest peace!---Cart-loads of wounded dying soldiers, many of them their friends and acquaintances, though stretching with agony at every jolt of their rude conveyance would scarcely attract the gaze of sympathy in the multitudes who thronged by them to the *spectacles!*---nay, even tender and delicate females could so far divest themselves of that which is more beautiful than personal beauty, (viz.) softness and delicacy, as even to walk to the field of battle as to an amusement to gaze upon its horrible desolation, and even to trample upon the breathless remains of those

those who had been the companions of their infancy, the sharers of their youthful sports!

When we talk of war our minds revert to the thousands who are cut off from their country, their families, their friends; but what is the destruction of thousands to mournful effects like these upon the survivors?---It is horrible when heard of from afar, when in imagination we listen to its dismal din and view the garments of our friends "rolled in blood;" but we must follow in its traces to conceive all its horror.---Never till I found myself in this hapless country had my fancy painted to me the thousandth part of its accursed deformity:---I had conceived that the English prints, to fire the public indignation against the abettors of this cruel contest, had embellished their stories with fictitious enormities;---would to God I had found it so! Alas! they have given us but "the small dust of the balance"---they have not even collected the most atrocious features of it!---"Look, (says Mons. La P---) across the Loir on which we are now standing!" My eyes swim with tears and my hand trembles while I think of this desolated department!---"For twenty leagues square (says he) there is not a field in which human blood has not been shed!---Not a town, not a village, not a chateau, not a church, not a cabin, not a roof, has been spared!---In one undistinguished desolation

desolation all is laid low!---Where hospitality trimmed the chearful hearth, and loaded the smoaking board, silence and solitude alone are found---the cry of the wolf, and the screech of the owl alone are heard! At the command of the iron-hearted, iron-fanged monster, the aged and the young, the wounded and the sick, those who were labouring in the pangs of child-birth, and those who were struggling with the agonies of death, were hurried away—a blanket the sole remnant of affluence and comfort!---the vault of heaven their only canopy!---the blaze of their burning mansions the only light which gleamed around them, alas! which gleamed to light them to despair!

If we may credit men of temperance, men of moderation, if any one can be moderate when speaking upon such a subject, not less than 250,000 lives were here cast away partly in the field, partly in consequence of this general desolation! To crown the whole, *if we may credit the same authority*, 250,000,000 sterling of forged assignats were issued at the same time by the---------- in these and the surrounding departments; I will not vouch for the correctness of the statement, nor will I assert that it formed the data on which the downfal of the French finances was so repeatedly prophecied in the British parliament---if I mistake not, it was asserted by a great law authority

authority, now gone to answer for his crimes, or reap the reward of his virtues, that all this was perfectly fair, and consistent with the laws of war. It is unquestionable, that to this measure more than to any other, the French financiers ascribe their embarrassments. The distress occasioned hereby infinitely outstripped every thing of the kind produced, by the immense expenditure, peculation, and mismanagement of the war. Royalists and republicans fell alike in one common ruin; where one man sunk down into poverty by the grievous pressure of forced loans, confiscations, and military outrage, seven were rendered bankrupts by this atrocious measure. Abettors of the royal cause were one moment worth from 10 to 15000 per ann. the next had not as many pence.

But, it is time that I part with these torturing scenes to resume the thread of our own adventures. Having quitted our own carriage, at Angus we embarked in the mail-coach, or rather mail-basket, on our return to Paris. You recollect the elegant style in which we travelled from la Flêche hither. The mail-coach from Nantz is exactly similar to the one above described; to add to our comfort we now entered upon the Levé. In my opinion, the most stupendous work which France, or almost any other country can exhibit; compared with it, the utmost exertions

tions of the kind which I have elsewhere seen, are insignificant and pigmy productions; if it is any where outstripped, it must be in Holland and in China. The parts of Anjou, Tourraine, and the Orleannois, which border upon the Loire, are perfectly flat; and, in the earlier ages of the world, must have formed the vast morass of not less than 100 miles in length, and from 20 to 40 miles wide---so says tradition, and it appears extremely probable.

The *Levé* is an immense bulwark, raised by human hands, to exclude the river from this wide extended tract of country, and confine its waters within its banks---and extends from Angus to Orleans, perhaps further. Its base may be about 40 feet wide; its elevation is nearly 25 do. from the adjoining level; and, its upper surface, which is paved with large stones, like the streets of London, just capacious enough to admit of three carriages abreast.

My enquiries concerning the date of its origin, and by whom executed, were unavailing. It is to be regretted, that such names should be suffered to pass away into forgetfulness, while those who (instead of becoming benefactors to mankind by works of everlasting utility) prove the curses and the scourges of humanity are blazoned forth

forth upon the page of story, revered and honoured!

At about half the distance from Angus to Tours, we cross the Loire to dine at *Saumur*, the most inviting little town which I have yet seen in France. I am not quite certain whether it be situated on an island in the river, or on the island and the opposite shore, i. e. I am not certain whether the town-house, church, &c. which seem to constitute the *nucleus* of a town, be in the one or the other.

A stage-coach is not at all suited to the study of topography, nor, is the importunity of French porters, or French beggars, which swarm around it as soon as it stops, at all calculated to promote a disposition for calm investigation;---add to which, a good dinner to a man whose nostrils have not been greeted with the scent of a kitchen for eight hours, is a much more important article than the position of a French village. To make short of the business, having paid our 50 sous, i. e. 25 pence, per head, for an excellent dinner, and about six bottles of Burgundy, we came off without asking the question.

There are two bridges across the river in this place; the one from the north shore to the island

island; the second, which is very beautiful, from the island to the opposite side. As we approached the former of these, the detestable mode of harnessing our stallions, which I have elsewhere described, had nearly given us (to use sailors phrase) "*a cant*" into the river---whether with a view to illustrate the Newtonian doctrines of attraction and repulsion, or double-charged with positive, or negative electricity, I shall not decide; be that as it may, our leaders chose *here* to go one one way, the other another; in consequence of which, the off-wheel horse tumbled down, and was dragged for a considerable distance on the ground ere his diverging companions could be persuaded to stop; power over them beyond persuasion, in this case, *la postilion* had not---the more he tugged at the cord tied to their bits, the more wide they separated from each other: the bye-standers, at length, interfered---lifted up the poor battered wretch from under the wheels, and placed the offenders in parallel lines again. I need not say, that the causes of all this mischief did not make their experiments and illustrations for nothing---the adventure cost Mr. le Postilion about six inches of whipcord; and, the philosophers arrived at the end of the stage with their rumps fluted like a bedstead---but meek and docile as ever.

The

The former of these bridges was demolished by the Chouans---a temporary one supplies its place at present. On the banks of the Loire, villages and little towns are numerous; and the vineyards become more frequent, the plants climb up the steepest declivities, and occupy situations absolutely incapable of any other culture. The elegance with which their long branches project from the rock, and swing in the air---the beauteous festoons they form, as they creep from tree to tree, and twine their tendrils round the spray ---the rich luxuriance with which they are not unfrequently loaded, infinitely more tempting to the eye than ever apple was, form a picture absolutely paradisaical; and parched, as we may be supposed to be, the inevitable consequence of close packing, dust, and burning sun-shine, our forbearance in not stopping to pluck the tempting crop, was infinitely greater than ever Adam exerted.

In the midst of these vineyards the habitations of the peasantry form very interesting objects. The rocks consist of several strata of soft calcarious stone, easily hewn, and perfectly free from moisture, even in the most unfavourable states of the atmosphere. Availing themselves of this circumstance, the *Vignerons* have excavated immense hollows, in the cliffs which border the road,

road, and, by squaring and smoothing the sides and roofs, have formed them into dwellings by no means contemptible.

As the evening closed, the candle upon the board enabled us to perceive the clean white table-cloth---the loaf---the bunches of grapes---the bottle of wine, and the bed, with its snowy coverlid, at the bottom of the recess. In short, that the mansion, though not constructed by Palladio, was by no means deficient in comforts---*more* than can be said of many a princely palace.

I was here pleasingly disappointed at the mode in which the grapes are bruised previous to the press;---instead of two, or more frowsy *gallegos*, coarse as a boar's skin, and rank as polecats, trotting round and round in a vat, and bruising the fruit with their feet, as is the case in the lurid latitudes of Portugal, where the motion of a finger produces a general perspiration (rare preparation for squeamish stomachs), here the grapes, as they are gathered, are brought upon the backs of old women, apparently the only beasts of burden of any utility in the vineyard, thrown into a large vessel, and macerated with a wooden pestle; and, as soon as the vessel is filled, the whole is then transported to the wine-press.

At about nine we arrived at Tours; the entrance to which is magnificent, and the effect grand. If I mistake not, this city having suffered mournfully by fire, the late unfortunate king rebuilt the fronts of the grand vista, through which we enter, at the expence of the nation, on condition that the proprietors of the land would rebuild the rest of the houses. It was a princely donation, and just such a one as the nation stood in need of; for, in the midst of all its vauntings about taste and elegance, no nation upon earth has less of it than the French. The houses are all uniform, built of hewn stone, with commodious footpaths on each side.

At one extremity of this superb street, there is a bridge of 17 arches, perfectly consistent with the elegance to which it leads. At the other a long avenue of trees, stretching as far as the eye can trace towards Bourdeaux. It is hard to conceive how a Frenchman stumbled upon the ideas on which this erection is constructed---I add, on which all the bridges on the Loire are constructed; there is not here a particle of tawdry eye-trap---not the smallest display of national predilection---every thing is chaste and simple, without an ornament too much, an ornament too little.

At

At Eleven, the following night, we took our station in the diligence for Orleans, and were sufficiently thankful at being once more mounted upon four wheels, after a mode which seemed to look something like the dawn or infancy of improvement and civilization. Of the sweet prospects we have now little to say: the *Levé* continues but much more *degradé* than in the parts over which we had already travelled; and, the four wheels giving us every shock double, we were almost disposed to question whether we had exchanged diligences for the better or the worse. Packed in with ten other passengers, there was little danger of losing our seats---not so of breaking our heads---perhaps it was well that it was night. The solemn stillness of the midnight hour imposed silence on our talkative faculties, or our tongues might have paid the forfeiture in their longitude.

It may be matter of surprise, that the French diligences are thus ever crammed with passengers; but it is easily accounted for---the French are too poor to afford themselves any other mode of conveyance. The fare from Angus to Paris, which are distant from each other 250 miles, is no more than 45 franks, or 1l. 17s. 6d. to four different postilions. A Frenchman gives about 3d. each. At the inns, it is to no purpose that a heavy bill is presented; he will not pay it---

add to which, he will not scruple to pack up part of the remnants of the dinner in his handkerchief against any future emergencies. He could scarcely *pad* it on his own hoofs at so cheap a rate.

At Blois we only tarried to breakfast. I know alone, therefore, that there is such a place, and that another elegant bridge stretches from it across the river, which has also been partly destroyed by the Chouans: the constant repetition of enormities of this description fills my soul with indignation.

As we draw near to Orleans, the declivities on both sides of the Loire become more picturesque; there are many enchanting slopes finely wooded, and intersected with lawns and vineyards, with here and there the chateaus of the country gentry (on situations well chosen) interspersed between them. In short, the country here assumes the aspect of that elegance and comfort to which we are habituated in England. In general, the French *chateau* is very distant from the ideas we are accustomed to form of it---very distant from what the sounding-name would lead a foreigner to suppose. It is constructed with the evident intention of inspiring the beholder with a high opinion of its possessor's greatness, and is accordingly stretched out to right and left, as far as

as the builder's purse could possibly afford, and not unfrequently much farther, and decorated with numberless, cumbersome, gim-crack tawdry ornaments; but, the general complection of it, and every thing around it, betrays the most palpable marks of poverty---the gates and railings are all hastening to decay---the doors and sashes seem to be afflicted with the leprosy, in other words, the primitive coat of paint, to which no addition has ever been made, blisters and peels off---the glass is patched with paper pasted on the shattered panes, and, as at Dieppe, decorated with flags of abomination, and old stockings innumerable---the ill-constructed statues, which are indispensible in the pleasure-ground, are generally mutilated---the walks are overgrown with moss---rank weeds flourish in the midst of the grass-plats---in short, the *tout-ensemble* is miserable. As long as the hedges are clipped into the most ridiculous formality, and shorn of every twig in which a vestige of nature can be detected, every thing else seems to be of no consequence. The master, whose figure and appearance are not much dissimilar to a Greenwich-pensioner, thinks himself a paragon of taste, and expects the utmost possible admiration from all those whose curiosity may lead them to visit his domain.

An English pleasure-ground is of all undescribable things, the most undescribable. It is nature improved by art---but, with that exquisite ingenuity, that the artificial which has been adopted cannot be perceived. The French pleasure-ground, on the contrary, seems to have been constructed with the express purpose of obtruding the art of its projector in its most glaring and disgusting deformity on view. With us, variety is endless---our *grounds* are diversified as the surface of the earth, and take advantage of every inequality---of every tree---of every rock---of every rill, to amuse the eye, and break the dull monotony of uniformity.

In France, one grand avenue leads us up to the front of the chateau; and, its noble rows of lofty trees, planted by hands long since mouldering in the dust, carry our reflections back to the ages which are past, to the long train of honourable ancestry which has occupied the same spot---so far all is well. Another avenue conducts us to some neighbouring wood, with here and there, as you pass along, a hornbeam, or a juniper, clipped into the shapes of peacocks, with their spreading tails---pillars and pyramids, &c. Arrived at its center, six other avenues, like the rowel of a spur, branch off in as many directions; every tree of which is drilled like regimental recruits,

cruits, and looks almost as much the work of nature: it would be a sin against taste were one of them to swerve from the most correct geometrical exactitude. Behind the mansion the *parterre* is twisted into numberless contorsions, like the frame of an old Dutch looking-glass. Its countless little zig-zags, semicircles, lozenges, squares, and triangles are planted round with dwarf-box, and shorn to the most perfect horizontal level---to combine the *utile* with the *dulce*, a few miserable flowers languish in the midst of pot-herbs as miserable; and the garlic and the rose, equally *charmente* in a Frenchman's nostrils, mingle their sweets together.

It is no little tax upon a man's patience, to be dragged round and round through this routine of absurdity, and compelled to express his admiration of what he detests; some little compliment is, however, due to the politeness which accompanies a stranger through it---a politeness, by the way, unknown in England; he must compromise the matter with his conscience as well as he can. I had almost forgotten the very *acmé* of folly, the labyrinth. This consists of numberless hornbeam-hedges, twining round each other to maze and bewilder all that enter them. Whatever else is in ruins, *this* is kept close shorn, and diligently swept, and a painted board at the entrance forbids you to yield *there* to calls which may be of-

fensive to those who come after you. When we consider the genius of the country luxuriantly fertile in *non-naturals*, it is astonishing that no one has yet stumbled upon the idea of forming these trees in casts of plaster; the plaster might very well be constructed of brick, or rather of the butt-ends of bullocks shin-bones, the happy expedient frequently resorted to in the gardens of the harmless cits in the vicinity of the metropolis. It would render unnecessary that eternal sin against nature---the sheers, and enable the *seigneur* to mend his windows, and paint his frame-work.

To gardens of the description lately mentioned, beauty of situation is by no means necessary, the perfect flat is the most eligible, and is accordingly generally selected. At Belbœuf, near Rouen, what may be called the home grounds, consist of a fine promontory, jutting out into the plain from the high lands, which form the background to the city—the two sides and front hereof are furnished with most beautifully verdant slopes—the soft undulations of which, as we pursue the sheep-paths through the little copses, and over the beetling calcarious points which occasionally burst through the turf, feast the eye with continual variety and contrast—at the foot of it, and, in fact, winding round it, rolls the majestic Seine;—on the right, the spires of

of the city, begirt with hills, rise from the midst of countless buildings—before us those hills stretch far away towards Havre-de-Grace, adorned with villages, hanging-woods, chateaus, convents, and, in short, every thing necessary to a fine picture as they go;—on the left is spread out one continued plain, the bounds of which are not to be descried. All this is passed by and neglected, except every tenth year, when the woodman, with his sacrilegious bill, comes to dishonour nature, and strip her of her beauties. The whole attention of the *marquess* is occupied in clipping the stars and gridirons, into which the smooth unmeaning summit of this delightfully diversified spot has been cut up.

The park at Sablé, and the grounds of the Marquis of Juegné, are all laid out in the same exquisite manner, and upon the same beautiful model; in short, it is the national taste from which I have not yet seen a deviation. The noble mansion of the last-mentioned gentleman is surrounded with the richest picturesque scenery—here the abrupt precipice, with vines twining round its weather-beaten points, like the tresses on the shoulders of age, overhangs the beauteous Sarte—there the gentle slope descends in soft undulation to its meandring banks—the convent of Soleim, the chateau of Colbert in distant view, with many a broad expanse of finely cultivated

vated country, and many a waving wood between —not an inch of this Arcadian landscape can be seen from any part of the dwelling. The late steward formed a terrace at some considerable distance in front of the house; and here, indeed, these united beauties burst at once upon the eye, but in a manner which never entered into the conception, or the views of the family;—what is called the park, exhibits alone the deformity described at Belbœuf.

We unfortunately arrived at Orleans on the eve of the grand national fête at Paris in commemoration of the nativity of the republic. Every Frenchman who could possibly find the means, made a point of repairing to the raree-shew; and, those whose necessities compelled them to remain at home, sat there bewailing it, as though it were a real and serious calamity—nor carriage nor horse were, therefore, to be procured for us, and we were fain to rest content at the *Trois Empereur's* till the hubbub should be over—nor had we much to regret. Fire-works and illuminations to a Frenchman ever new, ever *charmante*, soon become insipid to me; and especially so if they are equally tasteless with the Parisian illuminations, in the sum total of which, if a judgment may be formed from the extinguished lamps which had not been taken down when we arrived in the capital, there is not one happy device.

Orleans,

Orleans, though not equally elegant with the grand vista passing through Tours, is, with this one exception, far better built—far more airy and neat. In the center of it, the *grand place* is spacious, and the principal street, which is, in like manner, terminated by a noble bridge, partly also destroyed by the Chouans, but just yields the palm to the principal street of Tours above-mentioned. The cathedral is well worth visiting—the chapels surrounding the great altar are pannelled with wainscot, on which the most interesting parts of the New Testament history are cut in a masterly manner; but the two towers built at its western extremity by Louis XV. arrest our principal attention—they are singularly beautiful, and, though loaded with ornament, the effect is pleasing. From the summit of either of them, the view is *unique*—the whole country seems to be one boundless plain covered with vines, with the Loire meandring through them. An extensive cotton-manufactory was established here previous to the revolution, by Philip Egalité, and committed to the care of an English gentleman, who has weathered the storm, and now carries it on after the English manner with considerable spirit.

It will be recollected, that, at Orleans, the British name was tarnished with indelible disgrace by the infamous destruction of the female enthusiast,

siast, Joan of Arc, who, being taken prisoner, was burnt in the market-place, for having beaten them, and retrieved the affairs of her country after the conquest of it by Henry the Fifth, king of England.

At Estampes, in the Isle of France, the plain begins to be broken up—the country becomes uneven—the scenery diversified—there are few parts of the republic which are so truly charming—the eye need not seek for any thing more beautiful, and this beauty, for the most part, accompanies us to the gates of Paris. As you approach the capital of the republic, big with those ideas of its grandeur, opulence, and beauty, with which French vanity had inspired your bosom, the pleasures of anticipation give way to disappointment and disgust—in vain you look around for the numberless splendid equipages of a dozen different descriptions, which your acquaintance with London leads you to expect in the vicinity of a great metropolis. In the course of the last ten miles you, perhaps, meet as many clumsy one-horse chaises, alias cabriolets, numbered on the sides and back like hackney-coaches, and crammed with as many men, women, and children, as they can possibly contain, who have, most probably, taken the vehicle from the *stand* for an afternoon's excursion into the country—not but that it is possible some of them may be the

the private property of the snug parties within them—for all the *voitures* of this description, whether public or private, are labelled; nor is your disappointment abated when you enter this far-famed Gomorrah, and general sink of every abomination under heaven, except the carriages of the English, who are crowded here by thousands to the great content of the Parisians, to whom their guineas are peculiarly acceptable, and a few lumbering tubs, the produce of Paris, and tenanted by the children of the revolution; hackney carriages of their several descriptions, carts, and trucks alone are met; of these 1000 coaches, 1500 chariots, and as many cabriolets, are constantly plying in the streets; but, of all the detestable and dangerous expedients for translation from place to place on which the wit of man, or rather his cupidity ever stumbled, the latter is the most dangerous; the head of it is, perhaps, never thrown back—indeed, I am not sure that it is capable of that operation, and of consequence the driver is as completely winked as his horse. This is generally one of those noble animals which were furnished, cost free, by the —— of ——, in Holland; and, being high spirited and generous, it rushes forward, with astonishing impetuosity, to the extreme peril of the 10,000 pedestrians, who are scattered every moment like coveys of partridges, and

and obliged to fly for shelter from the wheels into the first entrance which presents itself.

Arrived at the *Bureau des Diligences*, had you all the eyes of *Argus*, you would not have one to spare. In an instant you and your companions are parcelled out among a herd of knaves, who come here, notwithstanding the vaunted police of Paris, to prey upon the unwary. One lays hold of your hand, to lend you assistance you do not want—two or three seize your baggage to hand it down safely, and, unless you are as sharp as a pick-pocket, to hand it to their own apartments. One pert jackanapes clamours in your ear, "shall he get you a *fiacre with one or two backs?*" Another, "shall he guide you to any part of the city?" Seated, at length, in the carriage which you have chosen, with your trunks, &c. piled up before you, a porter jumps up beside the coachman, notwithstanding you have paid him off already; and you give your driver the name and the number of the hotel to which you wish to be conducted—he drives you to another—he knows the way forsooth to no other; and, when you have agreed for your apartments, at half a louis the more per week, for that it is evening, that you are tired, and impatient to get rid of the blood-suckers who have fastened upon you, he comes forward to

to demand as many fares as he has made stoppages, and to be paid for carrying you where you did not wish to go; and, though a porter be stationed at the gateway of every hotel, whose business it is to take charge of your baggage, the one on the box lays his hand on it again, and you have the pleasure of paying them both for the kind office which you have asked of neither of them.

As soon as you can assure yourself that these hungry leeches have done with you, you begin to look around, and fetching breath a little, call for the *carte*; this is a large sheet of paper, on which the contents of the larder and the cellar are indexed, with the prices affixed to them in an adjoining column—a convenience which London cannot boast. While you eat in Paris you may easily calculate the price of every morsel, and get on with confidence. In London, you are at the mercy of the landlord of your eating-house; and, if your pocket be but scantily furnished, must proceed with trembling for fear of the consequences. Abating the little extortion to which you are compelled to submit in the price of your apartments, you will have no reason to complain. The charges of living are according to your own choice; and, the expence of a table furnished in your accustomed style, will be about 50 per cent. less than in an English hotel.

In

In Paris, for the first time since I quitted old England, have I seen fine beef. It is not noticed, indeed, every 20 minutes, as in the British metropolis; but, that which is exhibited, cannot be surpassed.

This *carte* belongs to the *traiteur*, i. e. to a person whose business it is to dress dinners for the company in the house, and as many families in the vicinity as chuse to give orders for them, which, by the bye, is very much the practice in all the large French towns; and, considering the moderate profits with which the *citoyen* is content, it is by no means a bad one: by this expedient the mistress of the family escapes three hours fretting every morning, and her dinner is much better dressed than if she had half-roasted and parboiled herself during the process.

Ere I quit the eating part of our adventures, I must not forget to add, that there is in Paris another admirable provision for operations of this order, viz. at the *restorateurs*, i. e. in other words, at the ordinary's; but, when we make use of this expression, it must not be imagined that the Parisian ordinaries, and the ordinaries in the vicinity of London, are upon a par. They are, it is true, of different ranks, and, perhaps, some of them may be little superior to those of Highgate and Edmonton—but there are others which rival

rival princely elegance and luxury, and which are resorted to by foreigners and Parisians—by ladies and gentlemen of the first fortune and character. The splendor of the tables in those of the *Palais de Tribunal* is absolutely dazzling; every delicacy which the season affords is there brought forward, and wines of the richest quality for libations. The bills are proportioned to the rank and dignity of the house.

The first business in the morning, after the traveller has somewhat surmounted the fatigues of his journey, is to find out Mons. Perageux, in order to change his paper into *aurum palpabile.* This gentleman is presently found out on the *Boulevards,* living in a palace, the view of which carries a sort of presentiment to the heart of the squeezing which awaits the purse. Papers being produced, and the accustomed preambles gone through, Mr. P.'s representative asks you in what you will be paid—paper, silver, or gold? Not being as yet *up to the tricks of the trade,* you incautiously reply "*in Louis.*" Well, in about five minutes, my gentleman having gone to another office for the cash, returns. "*The course of Exchange is so and so against you* (about five per cent); *and, as for the Louis, we purchase them for the accommodation of travellers; you have, therefore, to lose one per cent more on this account.*" To crown the whole, having

been feathered thus of 6 per cent. you withdraw with your precious pieces; but, no sooner do you present one of them for payment, than out comes the scales and weights; they are generally light, and you have the further satisfaction of losing from threepence to fourpence-halfpenny more upon most of them. So much for Mons. P——. I will, however, do his representative the justice of saying, that his conscience does not appear to be absolutely insensible of the pityful imposition. His forehead seems to betray the smart of certain unpleasant twinges within, which an English banker of reputation would disdain to feel.

The scarcity of gold just hinted at is extemely incommodious and embarrassing. The bills of credit which I took from England were of 25 pounds sterling value each: one only of these converted into crown-pieces, after all the fleecing of the French bankers, is quite enough to fill a man's waistcoat-pockets to the brim; and, if he has not had the precaution to obtain of Mons. Perageux a canvas-bag wherein to deposit his treasure, for which, probably, another one per cent. would be deducted, you may see him running along the streets, on his return from the Boulevards, his hands clasped under his b—y, like an old cobler whose back 60 years of hard labour have bent down to the *last*, or rather like

like an hospital-patient groaning under the operation of some harsh and irritating medicine—for, should the luckless seams give way, there would be an hundred sharers in the booty in a moment.

Being one morning at the *caisse de commerce* to exchange a French bill of 500 livres, a person, with rather an Israelitish phiz, was receiving what might, perhaps, amount to 1000l. He was paid in canvas-bags filled with crowns, containing, probably, about 40 or 45l. each, which were thrown separately into a large scale, and from thence into bags of greater dimensions. To transport this sum to his own house was the work of himself, two porters, and a cart, with the wreck of his cash in his pocket, or rather in his trunk. John Bull turns round to see what is to be seen, and to enquire for the mighty changes which have been made, but presently finds, to use a vulgar proverb, "*there has been here a great cry and little wool.*"

All traces of royalty are effaced; and equally effaced are all traces of republicanism—the soul of which is comfort to the multitude, if we except the immense boards of *Fraternity*, *Liberty*, *Equality*, painted on them, which meretriciously obtrude themselves upon your notice every five minutes, as though the government

were afraid that the people, were they not constantly reminded of their bliss, should long for the flesh-pots of Egypt—or perhaps it concludes, that the French, like some other nations which might be mentioned, as long as they are indulged with the forms and the shadows of golden ages passed away, will still go on to persuade themselves that they are free.

We heard much, a few years since, of the unfeeling brutality of the old noblesse, and were triumphantly told, by the infuriated jacobins, how many wretches were trampled to death at the coronation of the king---how many were annually crushed beneath the chariot-wheels of the privileged orders, &c. &c. &c. The privileged orders now, indeed, trample them to death no longer; but, what has the canaille gained by the change?---Why, the privilege of trampling upon one another.

There is a little work, lately published in Paris, entitled *Paris et ses Curiosites*, for the accommodation of strangers. The writer of it confesses, that the drivers of the fiacres, when they happen to alight on women, or men of peaceable demeanour, are as abusive as ever. From my own experience, I know they make as little conscience as ever of driving their horses full tilt over women, meak-spirited men, and what-

whatever may be in their way if it endangers not their own safety. I had not been 24 hours in Paris when I was put in the most imminent danger of my life by one of these jehus; and, it was not 24 hours more ere I was a mournful spectator of, I fear, the exit of a fellow-creature, who was first knocked down, and then passed over by a cabriolet. For a moment there was some little sputtering betwixt the cause of this mischief and the populace, when, snatching up the reins again, he drove off at his wonted rate, leaving the hapless victim on his back---his arms stretched out---silent---and motionless! Indeed, continual accidents, were there the *reality* as well as the *name* of a police in this city, would be prevented.

The streets are dark, narrow, tortuous, ill-paved, and filthy; here men, women, children, horses, asses, coaches, cabriolets, carts, wheel-barrows, are all mingled together in one confused hurly-burly, mutually splashing and incommoding each other; for, be it recollected, that Paris is just as well furnished with common-sewers as Rouen---every abomination which can be endured no longer in the house is cast into the street---here waste-water of every description---the scourings of the manufactories---the blood of the slaughter-houses---the contents of the &c. &c. in short, every thing imagination can

conceive offensive and detestable is united in one balmy tide, which slowly creeps reeking along the midway of every street towards the Seine, thence to be brought back again for the beverage of the thousands who jostle one another upon its banks. This floating pestilence furnishing a surer footing to the horses than the shelving pavement on either side of it, it is most commonly chosen for them, especially for those drawing in the cabriolets, which moving generally at the rate of 10 miles per hour, most liberally sprinkle this holy water among the scudding multitude.

Mirabeau observed, long since, that England was the only country in the world where the pedestrian was accounted any thing; the changes, in the accomplishment of which he had so large a share, have not bettered the condition of his countrymen in this respect in the smallest degree. There are few streets in Paris from which the deduction of a very moderate foot-path would leave room for two carriages to pass by each other; and, in the few instances in which the foot-passenger may be accommodated, no one thinks of it. Of course there is here no protection whatever from the wheels of the cabriolets; if you cannot fly for shelter into some open door, your only resource is to strain yourself up behind one of the buttress-stones which are placed

for the protection of the wall; and, should there be no one at hand, or the projection you carry before you be tolerably prominent, it is well for the attornies if your will is not already made.

Nor, is this all: the principal commerce of Paris seems to be in wood---at least I saw nothing else in the barges upon the river. This wood is brought in cart-loads from the quays, which are excellent, and cast down before the purchaser's doors; and the carters universally take special care never to leave any interstice betwixt the pile of fuel they have brought and the wall. Add to this, great part of the space betwixt the houses and *Lethé* is occupied, for the most part of the day, by frame-workers, mattress-menders, and similar occupations, to the great annoyance of the public, who are obliged, every five minutes, to tack and retack around them, and across the *odious congregate*, in order to get along. The soil accumulating on the sides of which, being continually sprinkled by the splash of the horses feet, it feels like soap beneath your tread, and is continually tripping up your heels.

There are gens d'arms stationed at every place of amusement to drill the public, male and female, as they arrive, and bayonet them into good order; were some of them enjoined to bayonet these public nuisances into their houses,

I should think more highly of the vaunted police of Paris. It is impossible then for a Londoner to pace the metropolis of France but with ideas very much to the disadvantage of the latter. When he compares the order and regularity—the ease and security—the convenience and accommodation—and, above all, the cleanliness to which he has been accustomed, with the chaos into the midst of which his predominating stars have now led him, his mind will be filled with disgust and aversion; and the favourable ideas with which he once thought of the Frenchmen, to speak like an Englishman, will be 50 per cent. below what they were ere he quitted his native island; nor will they mount up to par again---when quitting the streets he visits the apartments of the bourgeois.

It has been said, that "evil communications corrupt good manners." Heaven knows! that a Parisian's house is quite congruous with the streets, on the edge of which it is erected (whether he ever had a taste for cleanliness or not is questionable). Its wretchedness is extreme; in short, Paris is one vast assemblage of grand erections, and of twice ten thousand miserable apartments piled up to the clouds, tenanted with poverty, which crowds around the favourites of fortune to pick up the crumbs of the table, and vegetate upon servility. The one is princely---the

the other the product of heart-broken necessity, and aspires no farther than to shelter necessity from the inclemencies of the seasons. The latter are frequently seven stories high, generally six, portioned out by as many families, who are alone connected together by one common stone stair-case, the property of the whole; and, of course, as all are equally interested in its cleanliness and *propeté*, it may be supposed its aspect is delectable. Short petticoats will be very convenient for the ladies who ascend it in search of their milliners and mantua-makers---Thieves' vinegar a very proper accompaniment; and, let them beware of swerving from the strait line of their march to right or left, and of breaking their shins against the *pots dé chambre*, which are infallibly on the one side or the other. The floors are composed of brick-work, which being previously sprinkled with a little water, the dust and filth are swept once a day, perhaps, into the general reservatory, the chimney, there to wait the grand annual purgation of fire at the commencement of winter---of the front I shall say little.

My description of Dieppe may here be very properly transcribed. It is commonly washed with an odious solution, perhaps of ochre---the crevices, cornices, and gimcracks are crammed with dust and cobwebs---on the glass the accumulated

mulated and undisturbed filth of ages not only defeats transparency, but almost invites vegetation.

Among the rising gradations of the Bourgeois, there are some few, indeed, the floors of whose apartments are *parqueted*, that is, floored with old planks, framed together something after the pattern of the *parterre*; but, never since they were laid, have they been rendered damp and unwholesome by ablution. The scrubbing-brush is a luxury which has not yet found its way into France; and the sweet music of mops and buckets, charming Saturday-night concert to many a patient Benedict as he sits rocking the cradle, has not here been heard---not that it is not wanted.

The French are very much addicted to smoaking; their tobacco is extremely pungent, and ill-flavoured; the salivation it produces is therefore profuse; of this *le citoyen* disencumbers himself, *sans ceremonie*, in all companies, and in all places; and, not only this, other secretions descending from a *higher* source are as freely distributed. Look where you will, your offended eyes have no refuge---the floors are disfigured, from side to side, with the "*marks of the beasts*" who have gone before you. Instead of washing away this abominable obscenity, the planks are waxed

waxed and dry-rubbed, till wax and filth accumulating coat upon coat, the spade becomes almost as necessary as the apparatus of the chairwoman; nor is this detestable custom confined to the lords of the creation---those who have been formed of nature's finest mould are as much addicted to it as the males, and bestow their fœtid favours as plentifully---I say fœtid, for it is impossible to brave the full blast of a pair of French lungs; one and all they stink most abominably, and every respiration puffs out such gales of garlic and indigestion as pestilence lurking below alone could produce!---This is, perhaps, one reason why they are so doatingly fond of scents and bouquets in their bosoms.

At Rouen, scarcely a male or female were seen without one, and they have need enough of them. In fact, with all their affectation of politeness, in which the modest creatures arrogate to themselves the precedence, the manners of the French are as gross as Hottentots: they have no conception of, they have no relish for, what are usually stiled the common decencies of life.

The emigrant clergy while in England, were remarked for the slovenly squalidness of their attire, and the immense quantities of snuff with which they regaled themselves; and their handkerchiefs

kerchiefs were winded from afar; it seemed to be the effect of their unhappy state; exiled from their native country; dependent upon the charity of strangers; despoiled of the comforts of friendship; desolate and undone—for dejection and neglect commonly tread on each other's heels!—But see them *now* returned to their families; taken under the protection of the government; reinstated in their parishes; dependant no longer upon the charity of strangers; they are squalid as ever—the "flag of abomination" is filthy as ever, and they are admirable samples of their flock—male and female they are continually displaying this disgusting piece of obscenity before you!

My very soul revolts as often as I see them fumbling in their pockets, and I am compelled, as if by instinct, to repair to mine, that I may grasp unseen my indignant nose, and prevent the consequences my boiling stomach prepares!

It might be expected that *elegantes* at least are to be exempted from this sweeping censure:—no—women, young, and beautiful as angels, are thus seen every moment practising what would outrage the stomach of a Calmuc. The flag of abomination is not indeed displayed with equal effrontery; suspended at the wrist of her bare-headed attendant, (for no gentleman would wear

wear his hat, even in a thunder-storm) hangs what is emphatically called a *ridicule*, and as often as her nostrils are overcharged, or the throat is tickled by the swallowed *tabac*, she draws open the orifice of her portable dunghill, discharges the peccant humours into it, tightens the bobbins again, and *returns* it to her companion.

There are humiliating views of human nature observable in every country across which philanthropy would willingly cast its mantle—but when the character is compounded of shining excellence and gross impropriety, both the one and the other must be thrown into the scale when we would appreciate it: add to which the only probable mode of goading mankind into the reformation of deformities which lower the national respectability, is to hold them up in all their native hatefulness to ridicule and detestation!---this must be an apology for what ensues !

It will scarcely be credited, that to many of the essentials of comfort, to say nothing of dignified convenience and elegance, the "*great nation*" are as completely estranged as the Welch and Irish peasantry. In those who have been accustomed to English inns alone and their conveniencies, far superior to those of a continental palace; it will excite a nauseating disgust when

they are told, that in French hotels of princely magnificence, where your dinner is constantly served up on ponderous plate, not a water-closet, nor its fixed, or portable substitute shall be frequently found; nor in fact are the dwellings of private individuals much better accommodated; a few only of those who have crossed the channel, served in the campaigns in Holland, or heard of the contrivance from afar, ever dream of erecting in some snug corner a fane to Cloacina, where her mysteries may be performed in pure air and privacy; and those few erect it but to blush for the filthiness of their compatriots, and tantalize themselves.

Whether the diarhœa be the curse of the country, or its inhabitants feel innate aversion to the goddess, I will not determine: it is certain that they never approach her altar but in the very paroxysm of urgent necessity---the consequences must not be detailed; they lay a heavy tax upon the sight and upon the nostrils!---I will only add that the genius of cleanliness would as soon approach the gridiron of St. Lawrence, as the bench of a French *commodité*.

Much has been said of the perfect ease and freedom of the one sex when in company with the other.---Sterne, in his account of his little excursion in Madame Ramboulliet's carriage, gives

gives us one of their *grossiertes* which it is impossible to take an evening's walk upon the boulevards at Rouen without frequently encountering.—Ladies of fashion, rank, and character, think nothing there of quitting the arm on which they were leaning to————————the "*thirsty glebe.*" In short, they think nothing of being seen in situations which would crimson the cheeks of our lovely country-women with blushes and confusion. Dining at A—— with a large party of friends, during the interval between dinner and *café* the gentlemen took a walk into the adjoining garden—presently one of the ladies, who had been of the party, an elegant, amiable, and accomplished woman, came up to us, and enquired if there were a little nameless apartment at hand: one of the gentlemen gave her some information upon the subject, and she withdrew.—In a moment she returned with a sort of reproachful smile upon her countenance—she had mistaken his instructions, entered at another door from under which the floor had been taken up for the purpose of being repaired; and but just escaped plunging into the abyss below! The gentleman, after begging her pardon for not having been more explicit, took her by the hand and led her to the proper spot—made her his best bow, closed the door, and withdrew:—ere long she joined us again with *honi soit qui mal y pense* upon her countenance.—"*Every nation* (says

(says Sterne) *has its grossiertes ; and many things* (he adds) *gave him pain, that he blushed at many a word the first month which he found inconsequent and perfectly innocent the second.*"—I will not say that perfect ease like this is inconsequent; it is matter of doubt with me—the elegant enjoyment of life depends in a great degree upon the unviolated preservation of its decencies; and every indulgence which trespasses upon them should be watched with a jealous eye, and meet the severest reprehension—the difficulty lies in ascertaining *where* the line is to be drawn between culpable freedom on the one hand, and fastidiousness upon the other:—but, if aversion to constraint leads the French into freedoms which are offensive, and perhaps pernicious to good morals, the affectation of superlative refinement puts the English into trammels which are destructive to health and life!

In a mixed company, the accidental rencontre with the garniture of a French stair-case, would put the whole party to the rout, overwhelmed with consternation and dismay:—it matters not when *we* are assembled together, that nature pleads her wants, *decorum* forsooth pleads her wants more eloquently, and the struggle terminates in a stranguary; a diseased circulation; untimely death! it is an outrage to friendship to dismiss every idea of deference and restraint in its

its presence; but it is an infinitely greater outrage to cherish unnatural and idle affectation at an expence which curtails the thread of life, and consequently of happiness to those who dwell in our smiles.—I would not dispense with audacious indulgence; at the same time I must say, that there is nothing gross in *silently* withdrawing for a few moments from society; and he that blushes at such a step in himself or others has infinitely more room to blush for his own diseased delicacy, I had almost said his own depraved mind.

But in pursuing the manners of the French, I have suffered myself to be insensibly drawn away from my observations upon the metropolis of the republic.—As I have little to add upon that topic which is not abundantly better said elsewhere, I will therefore return to it, and give you below what I have yet to say of the city, its *agremens et curiosites*, and continue my remarks upon the people.*

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* I have given above a long list of *agreeable* circumstances which render Paris a most grateful *sejour*, especially to the pedestrian: I will add one article more to the catalogue, and then turn to the reverse of the medal....The waters of the Seine it will be concluded from what has been said, must form a most inviting compound: the numberless salutary ingredients mingled together in the open gutters which occupy the midway of

In the family there is a very great and distinguishing difference betwixt the manners of the French

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every street, and are thence conveyed into this grand receptacle, must necessarily render its stream admirably limpid and delectable. This ambrosial beverage is partly forced back into the city *engenes*, and partly brought up by water-carriers and vended from door to door: in addition to which there are about sixty public fountains bringing their tribute from afar for the accommodation of the inhabitants. These waters, as well as the waters of the Seine running constantly upon a bed of gypsum, dissolve the peculiar acid which enters into the composition of that fossil, and arrive at their destination in the highest order for the production of the gripes and cleansing the intestine, and seldom fail to do it with a vengeance till the stranger is habituated to the use of them. This is an inconvenience of the first magnitude; and it is astonishing, that while the Bourbons were squandering the public money from generation to generation in works absolutely useless to themselves and to the world, not one of them thought of giving wholesome water to his impoverished slaves---strange that a work of this description so imperiously demanded, and which would give a title to the everlasting gratitude of the capital to him who should accomplish it, should be reserved for a Corsican adventurer. This is one among ten thousand evidences, that previous to the revolution the people were accounted nothing; their comfort and accommodation went for nothing; the capacious mind of Bonaparte could not fail to perceive what the former dynasty never comprehended, or did not think worth attaining. He has adopted the idea of a new river similar to that which the immortal but unfortunate Sir Hugh Middleton gave to the ungrateful citizens of London at the expence of his owr fortune; and having "*conquered peace,*" instead of permitting

French and the English. The use of tea has amongst the latter been attended with an effect which

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ting his victorious bands to enervate themselves in the *casernes*, or study depravity in the brandy-shops of the metropolis, and large towns of the republic, he has appointed them to the task of carrying his benevolent plans into execution; may the next work on which he employs his heroes be the digging common sewers through the city! It has been said, that Paris exceeds London in its royal and other palaces. In the first respect the matter admits not of debate; but, in the second, there are few indeed of the chateaus of the ci-devant noblesse which must be compared with the town-houses even of our untitled gentry. The Thuilleries, *once* the residence of the unfortunate Lewis XVI. *now* of the chief consul, and ever memorable for the massacre of the Swiss guards, the fatal traces of which mournful event are even now to be decyphered upon the walls, as a piece of architecture has in my opinion nothing to recommend it: it is vast, gloomy, and cumbersome; since the affair of the infernal engine, by which not less than seventy people were destroyed, and many houses shattered to ruins, the Rue de Necaise in which the explosion took place, and several others, have been obliterated like Babylon from the face of the earth: by this means the carousel has been thrown open, and an immense square formed in the front of the palace. An iron-railing, lately erected, partitions off a large court immediately before it from the grand place, and here the consular life-guard is constantly stationed. On the four pillars which support the two gates at each extremity of the grate, are mounted the celebrated Venetian horses: they were cast by Lysippus at Rhodes now 3000 years since. On the subjugation of that island by the conquerors of the world, they were transported to Rome; when the seat of empire was translated from thence to Byzantium, these

which appeals to the heart of sensibility—it assembles a whole family around the parental board,

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horses were translated thither also; Constantinople being sacked by the Venetians they formed part of the spoil which the victors carried away with them; and Venice, in its turn, falling a prey to the "*great nation*," they have been brought now to grace the banks of the Seine: these statues have therefore never moved but in consequence of some great political change: how long they will rest upon the pedestals which now support them, time must shew. The gardens of Thuilleries are much vaunted; rich in statuary they certainly are, but possess nothing else worthy of admiration---they are remarkable alone for dullness, and monotonous uniformity.

Viewed from the east, the Louvre presents a front in praise of which it is almost impossible to say too much: it is the very acmé of architecture. The colonade which forms this superb *façade* was built by Louis XIV. upon the plans of Claude Perault. The Corinthian pillars which support the entablature, are finely proportioned, and exquisitely executed; the effect is magnificently grand, and would probably lose nothing by a comparison with the finest remains of accomplished antiquity; from its infancy this splendid palace has been devoted to the elegant arts. The plunder of Holland, Flanders, and Italy, is here treasured up, and to the statuary and the painter, the Louvre is become perhaps the most interesting museum upon the earth: whatever be the fate of Bonaparte, his exertions, whether to be applauded or not, have succeeded in turning the current of genius, which, since the revival of the arts had been flowing toward the south of Europe, towards Paris; and secured to it the constant resort of taste and elegance, and consequently the influx of wealth.

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board, and presents the truly interesting spectacle of the affectionate circle welcoming each other

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In the court of the Louvre, the patriot and the manufacturer are presented occasionally with a spectacle no less interesting. Annually the internal square is surrounded *for one decade*, about the end of September with temporary arcades, the several compartments of which are tenanted by artists of various descriptions, who here display specimens and samples of their different productions; the idea is happy; at a very trifling expense an animating spur is given to emulation, and it tells the people of what they are capable, who see here the progress and the gradations of improvement. The chief consul of course honours the exhibition with his inspection, and the crowds which resort to it are innumerable: a Briton must not, however, believe every thing he is here told; it may be a little trick of state jockeyship, but it is much more likely to be a petit morçeau of French vanity. Manufactures are here exhibited, as the productions of French looms which were woven at Manchester and Glascow.

The Palais du Tribunal (ci-devant Palais Royale) was built by cardinal Richlieu. It has undergone many changes, and was almost entirely rebuilt by the late duke of Orleans. "The garden, (says a Frenchman) *bien planté et orné des superbes orangers* (i. e. divided into long ailes like a gridiron with here and there a cross-bar cutting it up into little squares fenced around with railing like Smithfield pens, containing each an orange-tree half suffocated with the powdered chalk, and a few miserable China listers, and field-larkspurs struggling hard for life) is seated in the centre of pleasures and business, and is the general resort of strangers: those elegant shops which present you with every luxury of commerce and arts; those coffee-

other on their escape from the dangers of the night; sitting down to one common repast, and with

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houses superbly decorated; the libraries; the gaming-houses; the places of amusement; the long galleries where glide along throngs of captivating nymphs, adorned with equal taste and elegance; every thing conspires to make this palace an enchanting abode!"---He might have added, the very paradise of dissipation, profligacy, and vice!

The Hotel des Invalids is worth visiting: the dome is superb; here rest the ashes of Turenne, which have been removed from St. Denis, where they had been slumbering with the remains of kings.

The church of Notre-Dame is perhaps the largest in Europe, but having been despoiled of its precious paintings by the revolution, it is now visited only as a curious monument of antient architecture: the stalls in the choir possess some beautiful sculptures in bass relief: but of all the specimens of beautiful architecture which Paris possesses, the pantheon, seated at the top of the Rue de St. Jacques, certainly takes the highest place. It is sublimely elegant, enchantingly beautiful, and cannot I think be surpassed.

The Theatre de l'Opera is accounted the first in Europe; the decorations are magnificent, the dresses rich, and the music and the talents of the performers of high and distinguished merit.

The chef-d'œuvres of Racine, Corneille, Moliere, Voltaire, are represented at the Theatre Francais, and give the amateur the completest idea of the French drama; but convenience is sacrificed

with chearful smiles sharing with one another what the bounty of heaven bestows—not so in France: the table is here spread and plentifully covered with bread and butter, dried meat, eggs, salt-fish, fruit, wine, but those who are to partake of the banquet drop in, in the most comfortless manner, and snatch a repast which has nothing to recommend it but its power to satiate a craving appetite.

On extraordinary occasions they assemble more *en masse*; and then poultry and game smoking hot from the kitchen are added; and should an English or a Dutchman be of the party, coffee and tea crown the whole; the latter commonly prepared in the saucepan like a cauliflower or a cabbage: but though the table is sumptuously covered, the stranger not being much in the habit of eating with his fingers,

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sacrificed to appearance in the construction of the house; the galleries are supported by an unnecessary multitude of ionic pillars which separate the boxes; viewed from the stage, the coup d'œil must be grand, but the size of the pillars contribute little to the convenience of the spectators, who sit behind them. At this theatre we have no music, and the scenes are never shifted; whatever parts the performers have to exhibit, however inconsistent, are represented in the parlour with chairs and tables for mountains, woods, and rural scenery. But it is endless to particularize every thing worth seeing in Paris.

finds himself at a loss how to get on: spoons are plenty; his knife he is expected to carry with him, and nothing can be more gross and inelegant than the use of it, especially in the hands of the ladies; to say nothing of the obvious incongruity of a fine formed alabaster arm wielding with the air and prowess of a butcher an immense unclasped stiletto, the view of which spirits up infallibly the idea of robbery, bloodshed, murder, what can be more offensive, what more detestable, than perhaps a dozen of them all around you tarnished with numberless filthy unctions, the accumulated operation of many a well-waged conflict drawn from the receptacle of abomination, the ridicule, powdered with snuff; perhaps anointed by the delicate *monchou*, beneath which it has softly slumbered since the last meal; the idea is filthy; but it is impossible that it should not occur as often as one of these gentle beings proposes to help you to any thing before her.

At dinner, in like manner silver forks and spoons are always ready on demand, and beneath your plate is laid a snowy napkin, changed as often as you please; and be the dishes on the table numberless as the frogs in Egypt, plates, clean as the art and mystery of scullery can render them, await your call: but with one knife

knife alone must you fight through all the battles of the campaign.

Before you commence the business of the sitting, you spread your serviette upon your lap, or, like a full-fed alderman tuck it under your chin; and here you sometimes wipe it yourself, and sometimes ——— your nose ——— accustomed to as many shining knives as there are forks and plates, this deficiency is disgusting! The stomach revolts at resuming the instrument with which you have just dispatched a goose, perhaps, and scented with its sauce, to plunge it again into the side of a carp, or jack, and thence double-dosed with *congruous* flavours into the breast of a chicken, a partridge, or a hare; for in this order things frequently arrive at table—in fact at table, as on the stair-case, it is better to look right a-head only without regarding what passes on your right-hand and your left; and be sure, if possible to carve for yourself. But if the ladies' knives incommode your sight, this is all the inconvenience to which you will be subjected at a French dinner.---I had been warned not to peep into a French kitchen---I wish the English kitchen could bear an equally rigorous examination!

At Sable', I was so situated as to be under the necessity of frequently passing and re-passing

through this paradise of epicurean delight; but never have I seen aught there which bade me repeat the same caution to others: having dispatched a temperate, though sumptuous meal; (I say temperate, for a Frenchman never makes you blush for your species by gluttony or drunkenness), *café* and *liqueurs* await them in an adjoining apartment; and a supper, correspondent to the breakfast, finishes the labours of the day.

The distribution of a napkin to every guest, though not indispensible in England, where knives are plenty, as in France where they are scarce, is elegant and acceptable; and equally acceptable is the mode of providing a *goblet* for every individual: --- we affect superiority over the French, and smile disdainfully at some of their customs, which certainly are capable of improvement, but we forget that we have customs which call equally loud for reformation --- habit hides from our eyes, for instance, the filthiness of a practice not absolutely confined to the metropolis, but far more general there than in the provinces, I mean that of drinking one and all out of the same porter-pot.---It is by no means pleasant to be second even to the lips of loveliness whatever gallantry may affect; but to be second to tobacco-chewers, and drivellers to garlic-eaters, and gluttons with rotten teeth, scrophula

scrophula, and indigestion, is abominable---a Frenchman would rather die with thirst than put up with it.

With regard to fashion, France has long been considered as the grand emporium of taste, from which other countries have imported folly by the wholesale. The ladies are certainly entitled to the palm---of the gentlemen less is to be said. In one instance I could not but remark, that in dress the French betray a good sense, in which their neighbours are completely bankrupts. The different classes of society among them, very properly, keep their distance from each other without aping the plumage of orders to which they do not belong. When a female is seen in the street it is possible to guess at the genus under which fortune has arranged her---whether she be a *paysanne*, a *bourgeoise*, or lady of rank and fortune.

Happening to land at Dieppe, on the fête of Corpus Christi, we were gratified with the *costume* of the Norman peasantry in all its glory---a costume on which fancy has been able to make no encroachment for centuries. The *coeffure* is not less grotesque than it is costly; figure to yourself a piece of paste-board machinery, embracing both sides of the head like a pack-saddle, mounting up like an inverted sugar-loaf, widening

ing as it ascends to the height of 15 inches or more---trim the edges of it all around with the finest lace, and embroider the ground, which is of blue, or pink paper, with gold and silver thread---and, to the upper extremities, suspend lappets of lace four fingers wide, and three quarters of a yard long, and you will have a tolerable representation of the cap. Others have this pasteboard erection drawn up to a taper pyramid, embroidered as before described, and surmounted by a little canopy like a parasol, fringed round with broad lace, and lappeted as before. Beneath these pasteboard turrets every hair is drawn up tight from the roots, plastered with pomatum, and daubed with powder---this head-dress is not unfrequently worth half a woman's fortune. On their shoulders they carry a large arm-holed cloak of printed callico, reaching thence to their wooden shoes---what is under it heaven knows!

But, if the peasantry are inflexible in their adherence to antient custom---not so with the higher orders; than these the weather-cock is not more fickle---the embroidered field presents scarcely more variety---generally, the fine flowing auburn hair with which they are abundantly furnished is platted or twisted, and then fastened upon the crown of the head with a highly ornamented shell-comb, and decorated besides with golden

arrows,

arrows, crescents, and other beautifully elegant trinkets, and gives you the expectation of a completely finished head-dress; but the tresses which hang upon the forehead are as odiously disposed of---drenched first with some scented oil, and smelling detestably, they are then picked out into thin and meagre curls, entangling, like the links of a chain, in one another, and descending along the side of the face to the chin---instead of coming forward and smiling, as we expect, through nature's lovely ringlets, they bear the exact appearance of having just escaped from the hands of the humane society---nor do their pale and sallow complexions belie the resemblance.

The chastity of fashion from hence downward is very conspicuous---(but, ere I proceed, let it be understood, that I speak *now* of the Rouenites and the Parisians alone, the former the more audacious of the two. In the departments the dress of the ladies is, to the full, as unexceptionable as the dignity of the sex can demand;) the bosom, formed by nature with enchanting loveliness to reward the fidelity of tenderness and truth, plumped up and padded to a rank exuberance of which nature, in its merriest mood, never formed any conception, all exposed to view, serves rather to provoke the nausea of disgust, than to arrest the gaze of admiration. A

few,

few, indeed, there are who cast a perfectly transparent muslin over their prostituted charms---but there are thousands who brave the rudest and most licentious stare without even this salvo to outraged modesty; the rest of the person, were it not that an equally transparent drapery suffers every mould and every motion to be perfectly defined, would be shapeless. From the *ceinture* beneath the bosom to the feet, it is as the breeze may chance to make it. In the Palais Royale, and the stupid copyists of its audacity, the elegantes are furnished with flesh-coloured opera drawers perfectly fitted to the shape; the petticoat is looped up to the hip with a diamond-button, so that, with every motion, the whole limb from its insertion downward stands exposed view.

The young men presuming, that the most marked opposition to the manners of the antient court is republicanism, and that republicanism and slovenliness are the same, have totally thrown off the Frenchman; a well-dressed man, unless he be a foreigner, is a sort of prodigy in the streets of Paris. In vain you look around you for the spruce, buckrammed, lace-bedaubed Jackanape's coat of the *ancien regime*;---troops of, apparently, Newmarket-jockies, wrapped up in loose great-coats of hunters cloth, a sort of semi-breed, betwixt a stable-boy and a quaker,

ker, alone encounter you. Nevertheless, it must be granted, that they are improved by the metamorphosis---having broken the neck of despotism---trampled the crouching vassalage to which their fathers were reduced, and seized the rank of men.

They have now begun to think the grinning gabble of eternal compliment, which neither meant, nor conveyed an idea, is for the most part silenced; and, when time and experience shall have taught them how far the pure theories of the philosophers are adapted to the infirmities and corruptions of man, and how far they are not, the whole species, will be benefited by the change.

The licentiousness of dress just noticed, leaves but little to be expected with regard to the purity of public morals. Previous to the revolution the fashionable circles of Paris were not renowned for the purity of their virtue--the ladies were not paragons—and the convulsions, which (having overwhelmed a new-born limited monarchy) terminated in the most fearful anarchy, have not rendered their manners more correct and chaste —the *ancien regime* had driven the mine, the revolution has sprung it, and overwhelmed both the affectation and the reality of virtue in one complete ruin.

It

It is seldom now that affection enters at all into the nuptial bargain, or fidelity is expected —the ladies, without scruple, avow it to be a mere matter of convenience; and, if the particular views with which it is contracted be but answered, every thing else is out of the question. Should a female happen to trip before she has quitted the parental for the husband's wing, she is lost for ever; but, being once dubbed *madame*, if she follows the particular predilection of her heart, why there is no great harm done. Monsieur, assuredly, does the same; and, by a sort of tacit compromise, they contrive to jog on together without incommoding each other with curtain lectures, and domestic squabbles. The reputation of neither of them is tarnished, nor will such a conduct, any more than in the fashionable British world, exclude them from any circle or society; and, should the phenomenon sometimes appear, in the Parisian hemisphere, that either of them winces, at the partition of the other's favours, the tribunals are open, and, till the consular government wisely restrained the facility of divorce, an expence of five pounds will at any time radically cure a domestic torment.

But, considering the opportunities of amusement, to use La Fleur's expression, which the gentlemen enjoyed, this was an alternative which was, in one case, almost alone resorted to---the expence

expence of marrying a lovely girl not to be obtained by any other mode---keeping her as long as passion lasted, and then divorcing her to make way for another marriage, was much inferior to what is not unfrequently lavished upon an abandoned mistress---the mournful consequence of which is, the coteries are thronged with repudiated, indignant females, and a sort of licenced prostitutes.

To the fashionable modes of married life, the houses of the French gentry, especially their rural chateaus, are admirably adapted. Monsieur occupies one extremity, Madame the other, and neither of them presumes to intrude unbidden upon the other's privacies, *un peu triste*; or with no more pleasing companion at hand *pour dissiper l'ennui*, a formal message is dispatched, drawn up according to the most correct propriety of etiquette, and most humbly soliciting the permission to do themselves the honour of waiting the one upon the other; and if, at any time, the *brusque etourdi*, forgetting every rule of politeness, happens to bounce into my lady's dressing-room, or into the *sanctum sanctorum*, and there stumbles upon her *cher ami*, instead of tumbling his substitute out of the window, he begs ten thousand pardons for interrupting the *tête-à-tête*—feels infinitely obliged to the gentleman for politely taking the trouble of passing a judgment upon

the lady's ornaments—takes up his hat and quits the premises.

As might be expected, the disposition of the inferior orders has been but little meliorated by the revolution; the perverse and preposterous notions of equality with which the abettors of anarchy and despotism combined to din their ears, have completely poisoned the antient French mildness and urbanity, and their rudeness and incivility are intolerably offensive.

At Paris and Rouen they have even contracted a mischievousness of disposition, which, it is but justice to add, I have not elsewhere found; does a well-dressed pedestrian, with the aspect of a gentleman, encounter one of these Septembrisers beside the kennel, or on a narrow path, though filthy as a scavenger, he assumes the firm and frontless gait of independence, looks as though he would say "*'tis my turn now*," and turns, perhaps, the patron who gives him bread, into the dirt. Porters, with their burdens on their backs, will rather run foul of the passenger than beside him, and injure than pass him harmless by.

In countries where the peasantry struggled hard for the restoration of the antient order of things, this is by no means the case---a strong argument

argument that the antient order had its good as well as its faulty points. Your feelings are not shocked there with the savage scowl, and evident wish to cut your throat, which the *sovereign people* of Rouen and Paris bear upon their visages. A stranger, decently garbed, may there assuredly reckon upon having one half of the pathway conceded to him; and, if he makes the experiment of complimenting the man that meets him with the touch of his hat, he may depend upon it that the compliment will be returned;---even *here*, however, the women and the children are rather too unceremonious---have you a musical party, or a dance, in your apartment, they will not fail to crowd around your window---to draw back your blinds, and mingle their remarks with yours upon the graces of the belles and the execution of the musical performers---nay, the latter will even contest the point with you should you be disposed to close the *jalousies* against them---are you at table, at cards, or the desk, and your servant has any thing to ask, or communicate, the *sans culotte* stalks, with the most perfect ease, into your parlour---the side-cock of his fierce military hat over his nose, and his hands upon his hips, *thees* and *thous*, as though he were a follower of George Fox, whoever speaks to him; and, when his business is finished, stalks out again, leaving the door to be shut by him who is incommoded by the blast. I must, however

ever, add, that this uncouth mode of speaking is by no means mingled with disrespect—it came in with the revolution, and is going out again with expiring liberty. There was a time when phrenzy was in its paroxism, when it was not only necessary to comply with this rude and boorish address, but the disuse of it was accounted full proof of royalism.

With all these national and uninviting peculiarities, it must be confessed, that the French are, upon the whole, an amiable people---there is an urbanity---a good nature---a readiness to oblige which is highly interesting---politeness and suavity of manners, in other countries confined to the elevated ranks of life, here pervade, with few exceptions only, every situation, every profession---they are mild and gentle---affable and easy---as desirous to please as to be pleased. I know, that what we call *excess* of civility, because we are rather unaccustomed to it, throws a doubtful cast upon their candour---our cunning trading spirit, which judges every man by itself, and suspects the generosity, to which we are strangers, to be nothing less than deeper cunning still, attributes their guiltless honesty to insincerity, to French *politesse*---every profession is *palaver*, the mere empty breath of compliment, which will expire in froth and smoke. For my part, I must enter my most solemn protest against such

such a construction of their polished civility---it is a calumny as groundless as it is injurious and unjust.

A foreigner must be extremely well recommended in England to gain there those attentions which I obtained in France with no recommendation at all; and, I scruple not to assert, that a Briton, landing in that country, must be double dosed with the ignorant and bigotted prejudices of his countrymen, who is not impressed with ideas of French urbanity very much to their disadvantage. Others again will, perhaps, say---"It is their poverty which makes them thus obsequious, smooth, and fawning." Be it so---this is however, one effect of poverty with which I was not before acquainted. In England it makes a man sulky, churlish, brutal, and, I confess, I see no reason why it should not brutalize a Frenchman; but, I deny that the Frenchmen are so piteously poor as this objection supposes; they have *not*, it is true, as much money to waste upon their vices as the English populace unfortunately *have*---but are they, for this reason, poorer? A Frenchman's temperate mind finds, in the labour of his hands an ample resource for all his wants, and lives in gaiety, comfort, and content; but an Englishman's vices consume, and would consume the

produce of his hands, had he as many as Bryareus; and though expending *daily* more than a Frenchman can earn in a week, yet pines away his discontented being in squalid wretchedness, complaints, and misery!—Judge then, who is the poorer man: admitting that a Frenchman earns but *one* shilling per day, while his *natural enemy*, as the ministers of satan teach us to call him, earns *three*, yet, when we consider that a Frenchman's *one shilling* will purchase more food for himself and his family than the Englishman's *three*, and, above all, taking the Frenchman's frugal simplicity on the one hand, and the Englishman's depraved necessities on the other, into the calculation, we shall not assert too much when we say, that *ceteris paribus*, the Frenchman is the richer man:---it is not money that makes me rich---he only is rich whose wants are few, and whose means are commensurate to his wants. ---I will allow that a Frenchman has vanity; he will tell you what mighty services he has rendered you; and how extremely fortunate it was for you that he happened to be in the way to lend you the assistance which no one else could possibly render you; but having thus incensed his own self-conceit, he will take you by the hand when your own countrymen would turn coldly away from you, piously blessing God, that you, rather than they, are in the slough of despond!

But

But let us descend to experience, the proper test of every doctrine :---I have said that suavity of manners pervades all the ranks and gradations of society in France. At Dieppe and Rouen I experienced it in the most striking manner, with a few solitary exceptions only. I have elsewhere described our ludicrous landing at the former of these places, and if I was dismayed by some circumstances which then occurred, amply was I compensated in others: from the moment we attached ourselves to *de la Rue*, our persons, our carriage, our trunks, were taken under his immediate protection, and in a mode which it would be hopeless to seek for in England; and what in Holland, and in the last mentioned country will be considered rather singular, he neither imposed upon us himself, nor would he permit others to do it.

At the custom-house we experienced a delicacy of treatment equally characteristic :---just escaped from the clutches of a set of imps, who account rudeness and brutality a necessary accompanyment of their profession; who fleece you without mercy, and treat you as though they were bears when they have done: we had here no sooner unlocked our trunks, than we were requested to lock them again; not a farthing was exacted, and a handsome bow made us into the bargain at our departure.

Arrived at the *Bureau des Passeports* though irritated by ministerial petulance on the one side, and ministerial antipathy which could not sheathe its teeth, though the sword was sheathed, on the other—yet the mildness, the gentleness, with which we were treated, completely disposed us to pass by and forgive the inconvenience to which we were subjected.

From the moment the definitive treaty was signed, all restraint upon the intercourse betwixt France and her opponent was taken off; invalids were at full liberty to pass over and search for the health in its genial clime which they had lost at home; commercial men found no difficulty in seeking their former correspondents, and renewing former connections; and as many as chose to travel for amusement found every ancient facility renewed.---France demonstrated not only a disposition to sign treaties, but to be *bona fide* at peace.---On the other side of the channel how wide was the difference---there the alien bill continued with all the unabating rancorous hostility of actual warfare; to swing the door of social intercourse in the teeth of the republicans—many French gentlemen presuming that the pacific spirit exhibited by their own country would be met by a spirit as pacific in ours, came over to England as Englishmen went over to France; but while the latter were cordially welcomed,

welcomed, and received every polite attention and assistance in the prosecution of the object of their journey, the others were arrested---detained in durance, or sent home again with great expense in their purses and their spirits: remonstrance was in vain; the alien-bill forsooth was to continue in force six months after the final arrangement of the treaty.

Justly incensed at the retention of a restriction now so odious, now so easy to be dispensed with, not to say so totally irreconcileable with the spirit of peace, the French government finally resolved to treat British subjects in France, as Frenchmen were treated in Britain; at least such was the account we received at the French custom-houses, whether it be accurate or not it is not my business to decide.

At this unfortunate conjuncture I arrived at Dieppe; and presuming that passports were unnecessary, had not taken the precaution to trouble Lord Hawksbury for one, at the expense of 2l. 5s. each, presenting myself at the municipality to demand one, as had been the custom, I was told, with a shrug of the shoulders, that an order to the effect above-mentioned was just received, and for the reasons above detailed; and that the republic was under the necessity of denying me the civility I solicited, unless I was already

already furnished with a passport from ——— the French *chargé d'affaires* in London. I was of course placed in a very unpleasant dilemma. ---" But (continues the municipal officer,) though I have no power to grant Monsieur the power to proceed on his journey, I have no orders to stop him; he is therefore extremely welcome to go forward, and I dare say no one will molest him." Had I been a tinker or a cobler, a mechanic of any description whatever, the case would have been different; for the prohibition just received was accompanied with a dispensation to this effect.

Priests are an order of animals of which the government did not feel itself at that moment in need: I was accompanied hither by *de la Rue*, who had attended me to vouch for me that I actually was what I professed to be, which it was indispensible that some responsible resident in the town should do: it is true, that this was probably nothing more than the formality of office; but I am disposed to think that the Frenchman who lands in Britain a total stranger to every one in it, may ransack the ports from John-a-Groat's house to the Lizard, and back again, ere he would have found an inn-keeper disposed to undertake for him what de la Rue proposed unasked to undertake for me.

Things

Things were yet in a too unsettled state for me to presume with confidence my getting to my journey's end without molestation. --- Every *gens d'armes* I knew had a right to arrest me; and I dare not say that my feelings were most placidly serene while these blue-coated gentry were crossing my path; my only consolation was, that I had avowed myself to the government which knew where to find me at any moment. There was however, no alternative, but to proceed to Rouen where the prefect of the department resided, or return to old England again;---and here (I humbly beg their pardon for the account I have elsewhere given of their villainous town, and no less villainous canaille) I met again with numberless and most affecting civilities---every one was ready to lend his hand in extricating me from my embarassments; but the case being a new one, nobody knew how to set about it.

To bring the matter to the shortest possible issue, I determined to wait upon the prefect myself---in fact, the only eligible mode of proceeding in similar difficulties:---at the fountain-head you presently learn what is to be done, or not to be done.---I stated to him my difficulties, "here I am under such and such circumstances" and cast myself upon his candour———"*Pray what is Monsieur?*"—"*A priest.*"—"*Ah! that is*

is unfortunate—had he been an artist; had he been a mechanic, there would be no difficulty!"—"*But pray is not Monsieur acquainted with any trade, art, or manufacture?*"—"*Oh yes, he has never indeed professed either trade or manufacture, but he is perfectly acquainted with many.*" "*N'importe, n'importe, that is enough; let him present himself at the municipality as an artist or mechanic; or, if Monsieur does not chuse to take the sin upon his conscience, let Madame take it upon her's; there is no oath to be administered.—The French government wishes not to cast any restriction upon the pleasures of gentlemen who come hither with honest views and intentions—but considering the influx of foreigners to this country, many of them of very suspicious characters, there are formalities which cannot be dispensed with.*"

I followed his directions; and two hours afterwards received my passports *made out according to the instructions from the prefect*—for which I paid not TWO POUNDS FIVE SHILLINGS, but EIGHT-PENCE!!!—I will only further add, that in every office at which I was required to appear, at the museum, at the libraries, at the galleries of the arts, the treatment I received was uniformly and equally liberal. Will any man tell me, that all this was the smoke and vapour of empty compliment? or that *poverty* thus rendered the

brother of Cambaceres indulgent to a foreigner? ---No: it was innate benevolence---the wish to oblige---every idea of recompence and compensation was out of sight. Where is the English office in which a foreigner will receive attention as gratifying? ---

For a time the cheerfulness, which is a very prominent part of the Frenchman's character, is amusing; but, when we see that it is not in the power of misfortune to humble him, and silence his eternal prattle---that even, in concerns the most serious, his characteristic volatility is mingled, we are apt to think lightly of his feelings, and despise his levity as much as we admire his good-natured wish to please.

A Frenchman has religion, * and, for a few moments in the day, he will present you with a picture

* During the late disastrous conflict, the atheism and irreligion of the French were convenient bugbears; the imaginations of the timorous were sufficiently haunted by them, and not a few of our most zealous partizans were hereby hurried into the cordial support of a crusade they would otherwise have detested; to say nothing of the pious christian wish to exterminate the unbelievers from the face of the earth, they are not even now permitted to return quietly to the "vasty deep," but are still impressed into the service as a sort of *corps de reserve* against any future emergency in which it may be convenient

picture of abstraction and intense devotion, which, were it not poisoned by his future conduct,

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nient to work up the passions of mankind into fury.—The "atheism and irreligion" of the French are like many other aspersions which have been cast upon them.

Practical atheists are every where to be found, and no where in greater plenty than among the late champions for social order, religion, (and to consummate the climax of blasphemy) God. But speculative atheists, i. e. atheists in principle, are as rare in France as in Britain. Deists are innumerable: in fact, we may almost say, that all the men of intelligence, all the men of learning, are deists;—so far from being atheists, they one and all believe in one God, the first cause of all things—in his providential care of his creation—in a future state, in which the immortal spirit shall be rewarded or punished according to the things done in the body. Of Jesus Christ they have a high, a respectful idea as the first of moralists—a man of the most unrivalled virtue; but, they deny the divinity of his mission---the conundrums of Calvinism, which are equally the conundrums of popery with regard to his person and dignity; and, it is very evident, that they have renounced christianity because they have never seen it, but as tricked out in the meretricious dresses which these equally meek and gentle parties have prepared for it---because they are ignorant of it as it is in its own native simplicity, and they will renounce it till it is represented to them, not as corrupt and impious priests have made it, but as its pious founder first constituted it.

While I was at Paris, a deputation from those gentlemen who have arrogated to themselves the title "Evangelical preachers" was also there, soliciting, from the first consul, the permission

duct, would be superlatively edifying. Totally unacquainted with the disgusting yell---the tabernacle

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permission to send missionaries for the propagation of their system in France. They may as well drop the scheme---for, not to say they have little chance of rising into competition with the French preachers, whose powers in the pulpit are of the highest order, their scheme of divinity is too nearly allied to the divinity of popery to be more digestible than the one which hath been "*cast forth.*"

"You tell me, says one of them, reasoning with him upon the truth of Christianity, "you tell me that there is *one God*--that this God is infinitely perfect in all his attributes---the most amiable of beings---wise, and just, and good. Presently you tell me, that this infinitely amiable being is '*foaming*' with rage and resentment against the human race---that we are one and all born under his curse and indignation, and liable to eternal torments in hell because Adam, some thousand years before the major part of us were in being, had trespassed in one little point against his commands. Next, you tell me, that the only begotten and well-beloved son of this infinitely kind and tender father comes forward, and, under circumstances of the most atrocious cruelty, lays down his life to appease the fury of God, and, that the fury of this merciful, kind, and compassionate being against worms who had never offended him---who could never have offended him—was by no other means to be allayed; and, finally you tell me, that this son is his own father---that this gentle, this furious, this raging, this interceding Being, are one and the same, offering up himself to himself, by his own meekness, to appease his own rage, and do away his own malediction."

Doctrines

bernacle see-saw---the eternal Amen of our modern *new lights*; if he sets decency at defiance all

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Doctrines like these are too injurious to the moral attributes of God; the system is too complex, too contradictory for the digestion of a Frenchman. It is in vain to preach it to him till you can enforce it as the apostles did their sermons and exhortations: the attempt to reason upon the subject but serves to confirm him in his apostacy. He that would preach Christianity in France with the smallest prospect of success, must come forward with the gospel in his hand---not with the abstruse discussions of Rabbinical learning---not with the quarrels betwixt the Gentile converts, and the Jews and Judaising Christians---not with Pharisaical allegory, cabbalistical refinement, and Grecian philosophy---but with the truth as it is in Jesus, simple, easy, and intelligible. When I assured them that there were thousands of Christians who believed no more of this gross, confounding series of enigmas than themselves, and explained the general outline of this and the other system, founded upon the untortured sense of the sacred oracles, they candidly confessed that there was little here to outrage the common sense of mankind, and that the subject merited attention.

It is true these objections to the Trinitarian hypothesis no more prove it to be untrue, than the supercilious proud contempt of the Athenians proves the doctrine of the resurrection to be untrue; but it proves that it is an hypothesis which confounds equally the foolish and the wise; those *that are*, and those that *are not*, and consequently comes not up to the predictions of antient prophecy, which tell us that the doctrines of the gospel should be so plain, that he who runs may read them, and the way-faring simpleton be incapable of erring in them; and, when it is recollected, that the doctrine in question is *no where* explicitly revealed but in the institutes of Calvin

all the rest of the day during his devotions, nothing can be more serious---nothing more dignified than his demeanour; the world and all its cares seem to be forgotten; he enters upon his duty, and he goes through it with all his heart, with all his mind, and with all his might; a thousand spectators may be crowding round him, but his eyes are immoveably fixed upon his crucifix---his lips move---his hands are clasped upon his breast, and his eye beams with faith and hope. With all this, his religion is like himself---a jumble of inconsistency, and he takes it up, or lays it down, as may suit him best; for a while it sticks to him like his cloak, and he wears it with all imaginable decency, and, when

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vin, that it rests upon texts which the best critics, Trinitarian and anti-Trinitarian, have pronounced to be *forgeries*, or is the *far-fetched* conclusion from premises as much intended to demonstrate the system of Copernicus as the system of Calvin, and *consequently must be unessential to salvation*, it merits the sober, serious consideration of the gentlemen above alluded to, whether it be better to make doctrines of this complection a *sine qua non*, at the expence of confirming 30,000,000 of people in error and infidelity, which will be the inevitable consequence, or to leave all such quibbles where the blessed Jesus left them (if, indeed, he knew any thing about the subject, which does not appear from his sermons or conversations), and, by inculcating doctrines simple as those which he taught, bring his straying sheep once more within the Christian pale, and into the path of salvation.

it becomes inconvenient to him, he casts it aside. In the morning he repairs to the oratory, and, like St. Paul, it seems questionable whether he be in the body or out of the body. In the evening he gives it a cast, as the postilion does his jack-boots, and jigs it and all his cares away together.

There is a certain round of formalities; a set form of words, the repetition of which he has been taught to consider religion---for popery has nothing to do with principle; it is not a religion of principle---of those internal feelings on which protestants insist so much, which are intended to controul and govern the heart—he has never been taught to form any conception, and would shrug up his shoulders were you to tell him, that as long as the heart is pure, and the life correct, he may dispense with his ave-marias. These, and similar absurdities, he has been accustomed to consider the sum and substance of Christianity. This is the price at which heaven is to be purchased; and, as long as the stipulated round of formality is gone through, heaven has nothing more to demand; the price is paid, and he is at liberty to enjoy himself to the uttermost; accordingly should the little plans of amusement, which constitute the grand business of a Frenchman's life, interfere with the stated

stated services of the Sunday, he very easily gets the better of the difficulty. Has he some party of pleasure, or a dance at his house in the evening, which requires the afternoon for previous preparation, he rises with the morning---hies him to the shrine of his patron saint---gives him a double portion of prostration, bowing, and crossing---gets through his morning and evening service before breakfast, and, thus having the start of his duty, returns home with clean hands, and a clear conscience, to set his saloon and his fiddle in order. *

To

* I know few things which grate with more discordance upon my feelings than a fiddle on a Sunday; but, I will not say, for this reason, that a Frenchman who closes his sabbath with a dance is guilty of greater criminality than some others who do not. I have been taught, from my infancy, to consider the sabbath a day of sacred rest, and solemn recollection; a Frenchman has been taught no such thing—nay, his conduct has been sanctioned by the source from which all hierarchical authority has been derived; and, of course, while it was impossible for him to draw his notions of Christianity but from this corrupted fountain, he is not to be blamed if that conduct be incorrect. Far be from me to vindicate a practice which I abhor; but, I must insist upon it, that, of two evils, the Frenchman takes the least. There is no moral turpitude in a dance, and it has an unquestionable tendency to brace the nerves, to exhilirate the spirits, and consequently to invigorate us for the discharge of the duties of life; accordingly, the Frenchman cheers himself through all the labours of the week with the expectation of the joyous hours which will succeed

To a thinking mind, what has been said of a Frenchman's religion, is humiliating. Good God! that a nation which ranks high among the nations of the earth should thus degrade itself by thinking, for a moment, that the Eternal, the source of all perfection, can be conciliated by such a paltry compromise as this---that the infinite mind can be pleased with the contorsions of a worm---that bliss eternal, at his own right-hand, is to be purchased by services in which that precious spark of his own spirit infused into us, to become the pilot and the guide to dignity of sentiment and action, has no part. It is not to be wondered at, that philosophic minds were incapable of receiving all this mummery for religious duty; and, that in a country where men were forbidden to probe their creed,

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its close: on the other hand, the Englishman growls all the day long; on the Sunday morning he saunters at his door, his stockings about his heels, his beard like that of a satyr, a complete picture of vice;—at noon he adjourns to the alehouse, riots in intemperance till he has wasted two-thirds of the earnings of the week;—at midnight he reels home, pennyless, senseless, the most disgusting brute in the creation of God. While the Frenchman wakes with the lark, joyous as innocence, John Bull, with aching head, and sickness at his heart, his steps still tottering, and his hand trembling, is necessitated to hie him to the gin-shop, to brace his shattered nerves, and mortgage the earnings of the week ere he can commence his labours.

and

and to attest its evidences, they spurned at such a system as this.

We do wrong when we accuse the French revolutionists of having overturned the altars of christianity in the late tremendous struggle– no; they have not overturned christianity; for, as a people, it is many a century since christianity dared to shew its head amongst them.

The libellous profanation of that sacred system they have over-set---turned "*our dear brethren in the Lord Jesus*" adrift, and scattered the unblushing supporters of it; and they have done well; the only matter of wonder is, that the patience of the Eternal endured so long, and that his thunder-bolts did not sooner hurl to perdition both the erection and the craft. It cannot fail of recurring to the mind when it ponders these events; and they furnish a wholesome lesson to every priesthood under heaven—that the French hierarchy has reaped the just wages of its own shameful and unblushing impositions upon the credulity of a simple, honest, people !—Its sorrows were the just consequence of its own iniquity !—The violent dealings of the craft came down upon its own head ! Nothing can be more base, nothing more abominable, than the system of arrogant usurpation planned and pursued by

them from generation to generation!—To consolidate their empire over the abject, depraved, dispirited multitude—they blushed at nothing—they stuck at nothing!

It was the boast of one of the first of saints, that having no dominion over the church, the summit of his ambition was *to be the Servant of the Flock and the Helper of its Joy*; not so with the *followers of the apostles*, they had a very different end in view:—instead of becoming servants of the flock, they must be its despotic masters—rule with absolute sway—and *command* where it was their duty to entreat, to advise, to comfort, to assist;—but, cunning as the serpent, they too well knew that this could never be accomplished till the public mind were stripped of its independence—nor the mind be stripped of its independence till the sceptre was at their command; and, unfortunately for the people, the throne of France has seldom failed of being occupied by weak and sombre bigots—the slaves of superstition to day, and of profligacy to-morrow! Materials these, as favourable for working upon as the priesthood could possibly desire. Accordingly we find them pampering their vices; now and then liquidating the account with their consciences by silly austerity, and servile obsequiousness to the ghostly empirics who buzzed around

around them, and aggrandized themselves at the expence of the monarch's power, and the people's purse:—did gratitude for absolution from the penalty of some atrocious crime, melt the heart, and dispose him to reward with munificence the pardon-mongers who had washed his guilty soul, and robed it anew in innocence, they failed not to improve the tempting moment —they extolled his piety—they dubbed him with titles fulsome and surfeiting to every one but himself — they intoxicated his feeble faculties with the promise of an apotheosis among the saints:—but did he presume to run restive, and revolt at their enormous cupidity—they abandoned him to despair—they fulminated hell-fire and damnation at his head, and surrendered him without bail or mainprise to the devil and his angels! and, while thawed and lost in the soft dreams of glory, honour, and immortality, or quaking with terror and consternation, they wrested the emblem of authority from his enervated hand, and erected themselves into the arbiters of the empire's fate!

Thus, vested with the power to *hurt and to destroy*, their subsequent conduct failed not to tally exactly with the means by which they had mounted to authority—studying to degrade the man, as the most effectual mode of consolidating their empire over him; nothing was too prepos-

terous for them to broach, and to cram down the throats of the suffering multitude ;—in the broad face of day it was taught that "*it had nothing to do with the law but to obey it.*"—Reflection was constituted a crime—the child of reason no longer dared avow his utter incapacity to believe contradictions—if his soul shrunk back from absurdity, and deemed it impossible to be derived from God, he was compelled to dungeon his repugnance in his own bosom, or brave the assassin's dagger, or the flames of martyrdom !

France became for ages as might be expected, the miserable theatre of bloodshed; complete success could not crown such measures, but after many a sharp and bloody conflict. The murders committed by them upon those who could not quench the spark divine, were numberless beyond belief!—Witness the war of the Camisars ; the war of the League ; the massacre of St. Bartholomew, to say nothing of private assassinations, and public burnings, now forgotten on earth, but registered in heaven :—alas ! finding at length that there was no redress—that the throne to which they preferred their heart-rending complaint, not only remained obstinately deaf to their cries, but an abettor of the crimes they deplored---the miserable herd sunk down into despair, or sought in giddiness and gaiety (hence perhaps the national character) a refuge from thought,

thought, more baneful to them than the pestilence!

But there is a point beyond which human endurance cannot go:---the ecclesiastical Jehus drove on with that confident and unpitying speed, that at length the Jades became tired---even folly and superstition could swallow no longer; disgust, it may almost be said, nauseated every stomach, and the idea of religion became detestable!--- in cases where their wishes had been crowned with success, man was rendered a mere animal, stripped of every thing superior to instinct; but, where reflection could not be stifled, he brooded in silence over his hapless lot, contracted the scowl, and, perhaps, the dark designing spirit of a slave, and waited upon the thorns of impatience the envied moment, when some favourable contingence should enable him to break his manacles upon the head of his oppressor, and dash the bowl of imposition in the the teeth of him who had drenched him with it!

At length the moment came, and fearful was the day of retribution!---incapacity, combined with profligate extravagance overwhelmed the throne!—Despotism fell with an horrible crash, and with it fell the Lucifers which had so long been scorching the earth—then it was, that all their crimes came into remembrance—the smoul-

dering

dering flame burst forth, and its fury was fierce in proportion to the length and severity of the oppression beneath which it had been confined!

In Protestant departments, where *the tender-mercies* of these feeders of the flock had made the wildest havock—its rage was horrible and undistinguishable!—words are unequal to the task of describing, in appropriate colours, the atrocities which had here been perpetrated; and language is poor, when it would paint the aweful, the dreadful retaliation, with which they were requited!—Foaming with rage now unbridled, the bereaved father rushed into the midst of the incarcerated priests, and demanded his son—the son demanded his father from those who had driven him into exile—who had confiscated his patrimony—who had chained him to the oar—who had constrained him to wear away his miserable days unseen, unheard, unpitied, in the mournful silence, in the darkness, and despair of a dungeon!—Then it was, that the frantic widow looking back on joys, for ever, ever gone, demanded the husband of her bosom, the father of her children, the comfort of her days—torn from his family in the prime of beauty, in the manly vigour of his youth, and doomed to an abode where the light of heaven never shines, where hope never dawns, where the soothing accents of commiseration's blest balm to the wounded

ed mind never fall upon the listening ear—never arrest the falling tear—never hush the anguished sigh:—then it was that despair, turning once more her heavy glance upon scenes from which she had hitherto flown aghast, her spreading hands beside her eyes to hide them from the hateful view, and, maddening at the sight, darted like a fury into the midst of the murderous fray—reproached the weary assassin with cowardice and effeminacy, and urged him on to fresh deeds of blood!

Events like these cannot be too much deplored:—but while the shuddering heart bewails and laments them, it cannot but confess that they are, that they must be the inevitable consequence of the process, so long carried on!—May those who have escaped, take warning from those who fell; and may their own mournful fate teach *others* who sustain a similar rank in society, to beware how they tread in their footsteps, and provoke a similar catastrophe!

It is not, it cannot be, the province of a priest, to impose upon the credulity—to degrade—abuse the minds of those who are committed to his care;—it is not, it cannot be, his business to build up the cause of a particular Junto, at the expense of every thing which is dignifying, which is valuable to man; and to support the frontless decrees

decrees of synods and councils of always weak, generally of wicked men, at the expense of the New Testament: instead of forbidding men to "*mark, learn, and inwardly digest,*" for themselves, and turning them over to satan because they strive to avoid and escape him, let them assist the spirit of investigation; let them cherish a superlatively sacred veneration for the oracles of everlasting truth, and pursue that only which is founded upon the apostles and prophets, and more especially upon Jesus Christ, the *chief corner-stone of the church*, and they need not be terrified whatever political convulsions shake the pillars of the state:—they once enforced the servile homage of the flock, and joined the grand conspiracy of despotism against it, till they had alienated its affections from the altar and the throne—by *this* means they would win its gratitude, esteem, and love; and while servility turns upon the tyranny which had trampled it in the dust, and repays with vengeance every act of oppression, the memory of the honest endeavour to guide the erring into the way of truth, and confirm them in the path which leads to everlasting joy, would form a rampart around them against which the *gates of hell* could not prevail!

I cannot drop this interesting subject without remarking, that there is another point of view, no

no less instructive, in which the conduct of the Gallic hierarchy demands attention.

In the protestant departments, priest-craft succeeded so far alone as to repress resistance, not to subdue resentment. —In others, where its success had been more complete, (i.e.) where the independence of the mind had been completely eradicated—with it was eradicated too every spark of generous principle ; devotion to the craft, and that which renders a man amiable, a good citizen, a good neighbour, cannot exist together: —rites and ceremonies, and all the vain parade of external devotion, the traffic in which it deals, will never humanize a savage — never subdue an unruly passion—never rein the rugged propensities of the heart, nor bring them lowly and submissive to the feet of the meek, the gentle, the forgiving, Jesus !—Tearing the charter of their salvation from the multitude, educating it in blind submission to the church, i. e. to itself; and inspiring the hood-winked multitude with horror and aversion to every thing but the mummery, which had been substituted in the place of religion—when the explosion burst, and the yoke of bondage broke, what was there to restrain the blackest and most infuriated passions of a depraved, abandoned, heart ? The impetuous rabble knew nothing of patience, of forgiveness, of pity, of moderation, *the carnal legalities*

galities of the christian life, as indispensible conditions of acceptance with God—they had been punctual in their Ave-Marias, crossings, bowings, penances, fastings, oblations, &c. and most cordially hated all that chanced to dissent from them; and knew not that any thing more than this was necessary to salvation!

No sooner then was the opportunity presented, than all the uncorrected obliquities of the heart blazed forth, and every restraint was humbled before it; a deluge of the most disgusting licentiousness rushed in upon the land—characters the most atrocious were the most honoured; not only interred where the ashes of virtue were wont to rest, but even *adored as deities*, and, to crown the whole, *premiums were assigned to vice!*

In this delirium of guilt, the causes of this incalculable calamity could not escape—the mournful effects of that poisonous system which placed virtue in a secondary rank, to be mentioned sometimes, though seldom, in the fag-end of a sermon, extended to the abettors of it, and ingulphed them in the common ruin—from the injured protestants, and from the abused, degraded papists, they received equal indulgence: —what a lesson to those who pursue a similar line of conduct in other churches!—had they been

been content to follow the fishermen of Galilee—to win the affections of the people by enlarging their understandings, by acquainting them with the constitution of the gospel—sowing its virtues in the heart, and cherishing every approach to the mild, the humane, the charitable, the catholic spirit of the Redeemer—had they been as anxious to impress them with the hatred of vice as with the hatred of heresy—as ambitious to make them christians as to make them catholics—and given proof of their sincerity by walking according to the gospel, *in meekness, in humility, in charity,* in a word, in the virtues of Jesus Christ, revolution might have rolled its mighty billows around them; shaken the throne to its foundation, and involved the whole land in one vast confusion—but *they* would have been safe!

History has not furnished us with a solitary example since the establishment of christianity of the faithful shepherd, who (renouncing politics and worldly ambition, and confining himself to the duties of his station) has in the hour of extremity been abandoned by his flock, much less cruelly persecuted by it. Hierarchies constructed as engines of popular subjugation, have many a time reaped the just reward of their insidious servility in the fury of the enraged multitude; but never have the *evangelists indeed* been thus requited by those among whom they have

have divided the *bread of life*:—look at the virtuous struggles of the Waldenses, the Hugonots, and others upon the continent—look at the persecutions at home—when did the people turn like hungry wolves upon those followers of Jesus, who aspired alone to instruct the ignorant, to confirm the wavering, to reclaim the vicious, to edify and build up the saints in the practice of those virtues which the last Judge will demand, and heaven will reward—persecuted and oppressed by *the hirelings who have clambered over the wall*, to prey upon, not to feed the flock, they have received them to their bosoms—they have concealed them in their cottages—they have fed and cherished them—in prison they have cheered the bitter hours of captivity—when, standing like their beloved Master before an iniquitous tribunal, they have soothed the smart of taunting persecution with the affectionate gaze of sympathy—they have bathed every stripe with their tears, and, at the stake, they have wafted the departing spirit on their sighs to its great reward:—when no longer able to testify their warm affection by overt acts, they have cherished the memory of their glorified Shepherd with more than filial love—they have engraven his precepts upon their hearts—they have handed them down to their children, and taught the infant tongue to lisp the venerable name—to dwell upon his faithfulness, his sorrows,

rows, and his death, and to catch the divine enthusiasm of virtue from his pattern—the avidity of knowledge from his exhortations—the steadfastness of martyrdom from his glorious exit.—Oh, how enviable is fame like this! to live in the affectionate remembrance of those who have been guided by him into the paths of everlasting truth; to be held up as a pattern to succeeding generations; to become a beacon to the yet unborn in their journey towards the skies—what are mitres, what are empires, compared with this?

It is but just to add, that though the catholic clergy were in general such as we have above described them, cunning, ambitious, intolerant, yet, there were also among them glorious exceptions to the rule; men who, disdaining as far as possible the shackles of a wicked system of church-government, by which they were bound, became ornaments to their profession, and discharged its appropriate duties with dignity and diligence; and the observations above made were strikingly exemplified in them—their affectionate flocks, as they shrank back with horror from the atrocities which others committed, so did they requite to the uttermost, the faithful labours of those who *had watched over them*—they sheltered, nourished, and consoled them, till their personal safety could no longer be assured,

and then assisted them at the peril of their own lives in seeking safety elsewhere.—Men of this description were, however, few.

The French, like other established churches, was not unfrequently most shamefully prostituted, and totally regardless of the purpose of its primitive institution, it was alone contemplated as a handsome provision for younger sons, and all those who could not be better disposed of. —Talents, virtue, and inclination, were quite out of the question: hence, nature outraged in more respects than one, sought to indemnify itself in others—till the whole order became contemptible and odious, and priesthood and christianity were turned out together.

The agriculture of France seems to be quite upon a par with that of England in parts similarly situated; I mean equally poor. In the one you may notice as many traces of improvement, as in the other; i. e. none at all. The speculative farmers have been equally successful on both sides of the channel; they have wasted their reflections, their experiments, and their improvements upon the desert air: the mere cultivator of the soil is no where a ruminating animal; to him nature seems to have given the faculty of pacing on in his father's traces alone,

mingled

mingled at the same time with a most copious share of tenacious bigotry, which utterly anticipates every idea of adopting a custom or a practice, which has not been sanctioned by at least one thousand years' usage in the family; and should the prodigy sometimes arise on their hemisphere, perhaps by accidentally crossing the breed, and one of these bondsmen of custom and antiquity be seen to ponder his ways; to reflect upon the nature and composition of the soil; the effect of this and the other mode of culture; the peculiarity of the season, and various other circumstances which call for judgment as well as rule, and dare to aberrate from the routine in which his fathers and grandfathers jogged on, because common sense tells him that accepted practices are faulty, that established opinions are questionable; and experience convinces him that both the one and the other may be improved, not even a religious zealot can exult more in the extinction of light and knowledge, than the whole fraternity will exult in the disappointment which must sometimes attend him; the tempest which destroys his harvest will be hailed with a malignant joy; the straying flocks and herds of the mountain will be aided rather than controuled in their trespasses upon the hope of the year.

These censures are severe: cits who have formed their notion of rural life and rural simplicity from the sage, sentimental productions of Leadenhall-street, will turn away indignant from such mysanthropy: be it so—till they have served an apprenticeship of experience with these harmless "*children of earth*," after which we will balance the account:—in fact, what is above said, is the recompence which every one who sets about improving the rural œconomy of his country, must expect: glowing with patriotic ardour, many a country gentleman determines to improve his superfluous fortune for the good of society, and to make those experiments in Georgical philosophy, which the poverty of the surrounding peasantry forbids them to make; he reckons upon their good wishes; he calculates upon their aid, and takes it for granted that they will wait the result with patient gratitude, and be guided in their future proceedings by the knowledge which he has purchased for them:—no---they one and all combine against him; they obstinately consider him an interloper, intruding himself unasked into a province which belongs exclusively to them: no eloquence shall persuade them to believe that another can possess the generosity which does not belong to them; that he can have any object in view superior to that of ascertaining the profits, the trade, of which they above all

all things wish the world to remain ignorant. With minds such as these, agricultural patriotism may struggle, but success is hopeless; and hence it is that the culture of the soil remains at such an humble ebb. It must however be confessed, that the French peasant has an infinitely more plausible excuse to plead for his ignorance and incapacity, than the English husbandman.---If the latter by superior culture produces a superior crop, the benefit (ecclesiastical exaction excepted) is all his own—till the revolution did away the monstrous absurdity, an abundant harvest was in France a misfortune, rather than a blessing. The miserable farmer had not only the vexatious, the irritating view before him, of two-thirds of his crop swept away according to regular process by the myrmidons of the court and the church, but he had the further grievance of being additionally taxed in exact proportion to the remainder. Happily this abominable system is rooted out of the earth; and it rests with himself *now* to rival in comfort and prosperity the farmer who ploughs and sows the British furrow: —nay, I am not sure that he may not surpass him.

There are certainly few countries for which nature has done so much, as for this country "*now expunged from the map of Europe*;" the climate is benignant as man could wish; he nei-

ther sows, nor reaps in that state-unceasing anxiety, which ploughs the countenance, and harrows the feelings of the Englishman; he is utterly estranged to that continual vicissitude of shunshine, rain, and tempest, which compel us to carry on our various operations under circumstances superlatively disadvantageous. — One thing alone excites the Frenchman's apprehensions, viz. a too cloudless sky :—unshadowed by a cloud for successive months, the sun frequently scorches up the blade—the grass withers, and the russet mantle of the latest autumn enwraps the months of summer : with this inconvenience alone, a very serious one unquestionably, all the business of the farm goes forward with the most perfect order and regularity; soon as his crops are ripe, the farmer *puts in the sickle*; if the aspect of the heavens is unpromising to day, he puts off the reapers till to-morrow, and has rarely to wait till the third day ere he brings them home; threshes them at once, (such is the state of the atmosphere) winnows and deposits them in his granary.

It is worth remarking, that within a few years past there have been at least three patents taken out in England for the construction of engines wherewith to separate the corn from the chaff, the grand principle of which is briefly this :— four or more fanes fixed to an axle, are set whirling

whirling in a cylindrical chest by means of a winch, wheel, and pinion; by its centrifugal force, this motion forces a strong blast of wind through an opening prepared for that purpose—across which the corn falling is presently detached from the chaff. These machines are seen in every farm-yard, and were, many of them, there before the grandfathers of the patentees were in being.

The soil of France is generally as favourable to good husbandry as the climate: with few exceptions only it consists of a fine friable mould, (sometimes sandy), resting upon a substratum of chalk or other calcareous substance highly conducive to vegetation, and particularly adapted to corn—naturally it must have been abundantly productive; but there are few spots in which it is not evidently exhausted by injudicious culture. On the road side in Normandy and Picardy, stand rows of apple-trees, many of which are capable of producing from 200 to 250 gallons of cyder each, an ample proof of the native vigour of the soil. The greatest difficulties the husbandman has to struggle with are his own ignorance, and the national mode of life.

A Frenchman has but few, and those very confined, ideas of the various modes by which an impoverished soil is to be recruited; he prates

a great deal about hot soils and cold soils, hot manures and cold manures, but I could never perceive that he attempted reducing his notions to practice. In the spring and autumn he scrapes together the dung that putrifies around his cabin, and lays it promiscuously, and without discrimination, upon his corn lands; and here his philosophy terminates.

Sometimes indeed he folds his sheep upon his fallows, but there are few instances in which it is possible to carry this system to any great extent; for not to mention that the sheep are few, the multitudes of wolves which prowl abroad at night must render it extremely dangerous for the flocks to remain in the field after the evening: beyond this, he seems to have no conception of any manure, or any process of virtue to encrease his crop: lime I have seen scattered on the ground; marl is seldom or never found; in various parts of the republic there are immense strata of fossil shells, but they have never yet been employed in agriculture. At an ameliorating crop, or a crop to be ploughed in preparatory to another, he would smile as the climax of absurdity; the necessary consequence of all this is, that the land must inevitably proceed in a regular course of detereoration; for as the French use little animal food but poultry, large stocks of cattle would be cumbersome and useless, (under the ancient regime

regime they were a grievance constituting one of the data on which the taxes of the family were calculated) and of course manure must be scarce, and till they acquire a taste for roast-beef as well as for ragouts, the soil must keep on in a retrograde procession from bad to worse, till all its energies be exhausted.

It has often been matter of wonder how the land of India, far from fertile in itself, could possibly maintain the immense multitudes which actually drew their subsistence from it; but, if we look at the immense flocks and herds which it also maintained, the difficulty will be presently accounted for:—without cattle, there can be comparatively little manure; and with little manure to recruit the impoverished soil, the crops will be scanty and degenerate from year to year, till they are no longer worth gathering. Hence scientific men, who reckon upon large returns of corn, begin with enlarging their live-stock;—nature moves round in a circle—encrease of cattle enables us to encrease our crops of every description, and encreasing crops furnish us with the means of encreasing our cattle; but without commencing the series with the increase of cattle, the increase of crop is hopeless; and hence, as before hinted, till the national mode of life be exchanged to one more similar to that adopted in England, in other words, till there be a greater

greater demand for shamble-meat than for poultry, the agriculture of France cannot be expected to advance much.

It may appear singular, but I have not the smallest doubt upon the subject, that whole departments in France could not furnish Smithfield with its accustomed supply for three months: no where but in the meadows about Liseux, in Normandy, where they are fattened for the Paris market, do we perceive what may be considered an adequate proportion of cattle, and these are collected together from Mayenne, Anjou, and parts yet more remote, perhaps, from a semicircle of 100 miles radius;---and here, I may add, I saw the only fine cattle which I met with on the continent.

In England every county has a breed peculiar to itself of various excellence: in France I have noticed two varieties alone---what we commonly call the Norman breed, and which is so much esteemed, is but a degenerated race brought originally from Anjou; though excellent for the dairy, totally destitute of every pretension to beauty and symmetry: not so with the herds about Liseux; there you will frequently meet with bullocks against which fastidiousness shall have nothing to except; and cows which, while beautiful as prize-cattle, are yet equally valuable

to the dairy-maid---circumstances rather rare in England. A prime cow, in full milk, will sell here from 4l. 10s. to 6l.---a pair of fat oxen for 16l.

But, if the French peasant has but few cattle to consume his straw, and form manure for his crops, it must be allowed that he makes the greatest advantage of those which actually belong to him. The *soiling system*, originally enforced by necessity, is now universally adopted through all the departments which I have visited. The surface of the country being generally flat, springs of water are few, and of course brooks are scarce; the proportion of meadow-land becomes, of consequence, but small, and pasturage scanty. The farmer is, therefore, necessitated to feed his herds with lucerne, saintfoine, and clover, and, having but small patches of these admirable succedaneums upon his lands, he husbands the produce to the greatest advantage, by mowing it from day to day, and transporting it to the stalls.

In addition to which, it may be observed, that the intense heat of the summer forbids him to keep his herds abroad by day; and, the wolves in the winter compel him to house them by night. What dung is formed upon his farm is then formed under circumstances the most favourable, and, larger quantities are collected together

together from a few meagre bullocks, than from twice the number feeding in an English homestead. The importation of a few English habits would, were they engrafted npon this admirable system, yet double the quantity again!

The provision which is made for the sustenance of the live stock is not less injudicious than its paucity; as long as the summer lasts want is seldom felt. Those succulent vegetables, just mentioned, grow with astonishing rapidity; but, no sooner do the frosts of winter arrest their activity, than the effect must be painful; and, if the preceding spring has been unfavourable, famine inevitably succeeds. In some parts of Anjou I perceived tolerably large plantations of potatoes for the use of the cattle, but they could not possibly be adequate to the demand; elsewhere I could discover no provision for winter fodder whatever. A field of turnips is not, I believe, to be found in all the western departments of France.

The hay, of which there is but little, is execrable from the execrable mode of preparing it, being first roasted in the sun-shine till every trace of foliage drops from the stalk, then trussed, and finally deposited in that state in the hay-loft, where, for want of compression, the little fragrance which it brings from the field evaporates, and

and the whole becomes a mere *mortuum caput*, alone calculated to tantalyze the cravening appetites of the hungry wretches who feed upon it. It is happy for these poor animals that the soil is as we have above described---such improvidence would raise an insuperable bar to agriculture in any other country but France.

Here two little steers, or as many heifers, though poor and lean as those in Pharaoh's dream, are fully able to turn the soil, old lands excepted; in cases of extreme emergency an ass is added; and, once I saw a whole dairy of cows yoked together, with a male for a leader. The mode in which these patient sufferers are attached to the plough, or the waggon, does as much for them as can be done; instead of that execrable piece of wantonness and cruelty which the English husbandman adheres to as tenaciously as though it were his birth-right---instead of that needless and enormous load of timber which he lays upon the withers of the ox, bruising its flesh, and weighing it down to the earth—instead of those pitiless bows which encircle its neck like a collar of iron, and appear to have been invented expressly with the view of adding torment to toil; the Frenchman humanely reflecting, that if he has a right to the labour of his drudge, he has no right to render that labour unnecessarily irksome, passes a piece of wood, of about one-

sixth of the weight of the English yoke, across the forehead of his cattle, having previously neatly hollowed out the extremities of it to fit the mould of the head, and lined those hollows with a piece of woolly sheep-skin, to answer the purpose of a soft pad, or cushion. This light and easy yoke he braces to the horns with a small thong of leather, attaches the beam of his plough to the middle part of it, and the animal is completely equipped for his labour*; and, it is pleasing to remark with what facility this is done, and with what ease it is borne. As the cattle move along, instead of leaning the one against the other (distress painted in the eye), evidently to alleviate the irksome pressure, as it is impossible not to have remarked as often as an English ox-team has been noticed at its daily labour; the French team stands erect upon its legs, turns round with the greatest facility, and chews the cud as it chearfully paces along the furrow.

The philosophy of this mode of harnessing the ox is perfectly correct; the main strength of animals of this genus is seated in the fore-quarters; their mode of offence is to toss their adversaries, and nature has accordingly furnished the shoulders, legs, and neck with sinews ca-

* Vide plate 1, Oxen-ploughing.

pable

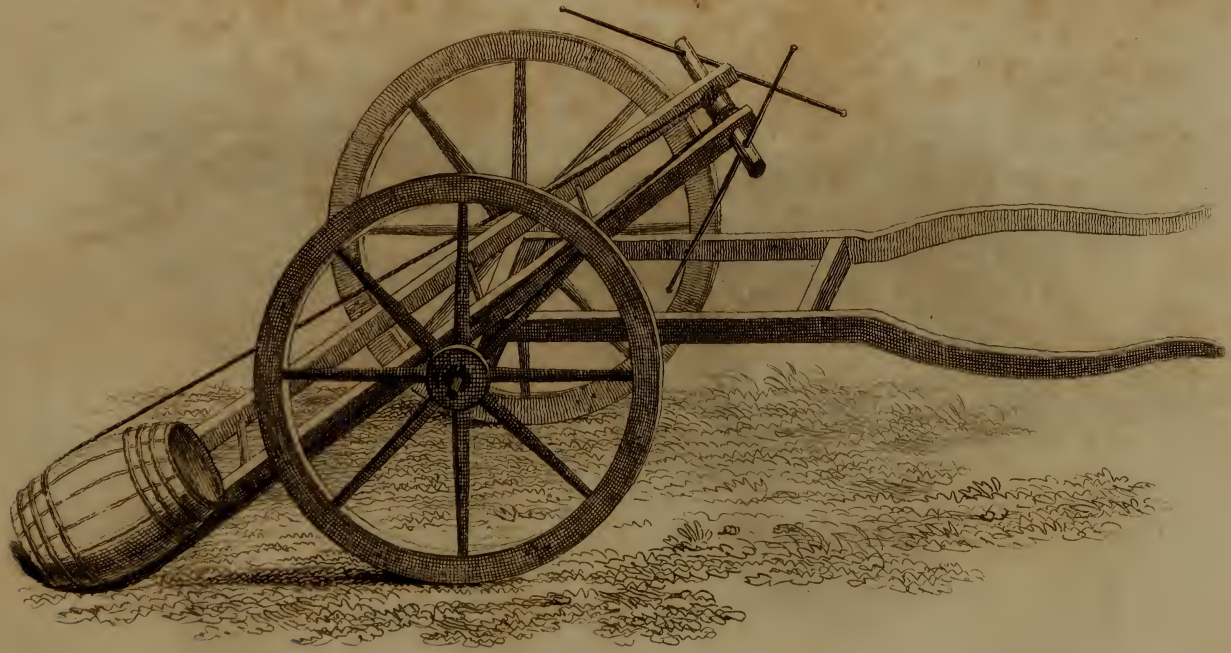
French Oxen Yoked to the Plough.

pable of amazing exertion. In the English yoke and bow no advantage whatever is taken of this construction; the sinews of the neck are of no utility whatever to the peasant; and, those of the shoulder being bruised by the hard, unyielding bow, not an ounce of vigour is exerted more than is absolutely necessary to get forward; and, this exertion must be produced by mere dint of the goad, the concern of the beast being not to dispatch his business, but to alleviate the painful pressure by which it is incommoded. Here, on the contrary, the bend of the neck preparatory to the toss is seized, and applied to the attached resistance, and, the force which would send a man aloft to the clouds, added to the force with which the English peasant ploughs his fields; hence we not unfrequently see teams of oxen dragging with ease, along the French roads, which, in England, would require teams of double strength to draw them.

The carts in common use are constructed with equal judgment, and bespeak an acquaintance with the principles of mechanics which peasants seldom possess; they are drawn by horses, or oxen, with some little variation in the construction, but the principle is in both cases the same. In the former instance the charete consists of two long shafts of wood, perhaps 18 feet long, which are laid parallel to each other, and connected

nected together by cross bars, to form the bed, on which boards are laid as occasion requires; the sides, fore, and tail-parts, are moveable; and, the extremities to which the horse is to be attached, are shaved, and bent to the shape of an English shaft. At about one-third of the length of these beams the axle is fastened on in the usual mode; and, at the second-third, immediately behind the tail of the horse, a roller is added, furnished with levers and long ropes. Every thing being in readiness, suppose the peasant wishes to remove an hogshead of wine, or cyder, from his cellar or quay on which it is deposited, he turns the tail of his cart to the burden, and takes out his horse; then lifting up the fore-parts of the shafts the hinder descends, and comes in contact with the ground close to the head of the cask; fixing the two ends of his rope to the two extremities of the roller abovementioned, he passes the bow of it around the farther end of the barrel, and, with his heavers, begins to wind it up along the main timbers of his carriage; as soon as the center of gravity in the load arrives immediately perpendicular to the axle, the shafts come down, and this is the signal that the burden is then in its proper place; with other contrivances he confines it there, and, as soon as this is accomplished, replaces the horse.

Where



The French Charette, loading.

Where oxen are to be used, a pole, passing along between them, is fixed to the axle in the common mode; to this two beams, connected together by cross bars as before, are added, which are also furnished with a roller and ropes, and turn upon the axle-tree by means of hooks and eyes, similar to those with which carts are usually attached to it; on these beams the casks are wound up in the manner above described, and confined by the same means.

Nothing can exceed the facility with which immense weights are thus removed; nor, can a carriage, by any other mode, be so exactly loaded; the cattle *carry* nothing, and exert themselves exactly in the mode which the mechanism of their construction points out as most advantageous: add to which, the carriage last-mentioned possesses another singular advantage; are you descending a mountain with a burden which will overpower your cattle? you have only to lift up the fore part of your carriage, let the load slip back about 18 inches, confine it there, and go forward, with the tail dragging on the ground, and you will arrive at the bottom in perfect safety. This is the principle on which immense blocks of free-stone are brought down to Bath from the quarries in the hills.

Beyond this, I know not, that the agricultural mechanics of France possess any thing which merits imitation; the harness of their horses is as execrable as their carriages are judicious; the collar occupies full two-thirds of the animal's neck, and is constructed of an immense mass of straw, goats-hair, and wool, furnished with what are commonly called *hames* of wood, six inches wide by one and a half thickness, the whole surmounted, as though France were as cold as Lapland, by a woolly sheep-skin; for what reason this odious apparatus has been adopted is to me incomprehensible—probably in this case, as in other fashions, ugliness has been improved upon ugliness, till it has attained its present accomplished degree. When I first caught sight of a French cart-horse in full array, I could scarcely persuade myself that it was an horse, but conceived it to be some animal, perhaps an Egyptian buffalo, with which I was hitherto unacquainted.

The grounds having been abandoned for so many years to the women, whose object was not to rival one another, but to obtain bread, will account for the slovenliness in which they are cropped; no where will you see the different grains kept *clean*, i. e. distinct; and, but seldom is there much attention paid to the nature of the soil in which they are sown. In many parts of Normandy

French Cart.

Normandy you will notice, in the unenclosed fields, pieces of wheat scarcely worth the reaping; and, on lands immediately adjoining, barley flourishing in the richest luxuriance, and returning a net profit, at least, of 50 per cent. greater than the wheat, and yet they go on sowing wheat still. Other grains are equally injudiciously disposed of, and, to crown the whole, they are not unfrequently sown altogether.

Seldom do we notice a field of the last-mentioned grain, especially in which there is not almost an equal quantity of rye flourishing, a needless and to be regretted waste; for, as the rye ripens from three weeks to a month sooner than the wheat, when the latter is reaped almost the whole of the former is shed and lost—hence, perhaps, the reason why partridges are so astonishingly numerous in France. As we advance to the south, the oats become very thin and meagre—scarcely worth cultivation;—turnips I have said there are none;—potatoes are moderately plenty, and, upon the whole, are well managed;—buck-wheat, chiefly used in feeding poultry, also abounds.

In Anjou and Touraine maize is much cultivated with it—the roofs of the peasants houses are covered, about the latter end of September with it, drying in the sun; the ears are of a bright

golden yellow, and the effect is singular;—lucerne is seen, but not in the quantity I had expected;—saintfoin is more rare—and clover rarer still. In every peasant's garden we perceive hemp and flax flourishing, the latter of which, especially, is prepared at home, and wrought up for the use of the family, and not unfrequently into linens of no contemptible quality. Previous to the revolution they were compelled to *pit* their flax, as in England, and for the same reason; that event having dissolved all law, and all order, and man becoming amenable to himself only, this salutary regulation has been broken through; and, at the proper season for operations of this kind, the banks of every brook, and of every river, stink like the pestilence, to the great annoyance of every passenger, and the utter destruction of the fish; but, measures are now taking for the remedy of this serious evil—slowly and gradually, indeed, like cautious encroachment—for the government fears to trench boldly upon the lawless liberty which has been seized: the time is, however, at hand, when it will assume a more imperious tone, and act with less insidiousness.

One thing merits observation with regard to flax: in England, the richest lands are chosen for the cultivation of the plant, which is, I believe,

lieve, justly considered an impoverisher of the soil. In France, on the contrary, any soil whatever serves the purpose, and not unfrequently that which is exhausted; the consequence of which is, the English farmer plucks a *large* crop, the French peasant a *good* one. It is *thus they obtain the fine stapled flax of which their cambrics and lawns are made.*

Of the vines I have little to say. Arthur Young, in his French Tours, speaks much of them, as consuming all the manure of the country. In the provinces through which I travelled, I not only saw no manure carried to the vineyard, but was again, and again assured, that it would spoil the flavour of the wine—but this I am disposed to question, i. e. as a general. In pruning, the last year's wood is uniformly cut out, one eye, or bud alone excepted; upon the whole, I am convinced that the English agriculturist has little to learn in France—but there is much which he might teach. Were the government sufficiently stable, sufficiently liberal, and enlightened, to induce him, with confidence, to embark his fortune in French lands, it might be an admirable speculation; for, in the first instance, he could purchase them at a rate which would clear him 8 per cent. and upwards for his principal; and, in the second, the superior culture which he would introduce, with himself,

would enable those lands to return crops, at least, one-third superior to the present average: add to which, he would there know nothing (comparatively) of the shackles which, in England, enervate his exertions—nor be irritated by the cruel division of the fruits of his industry among those who have neither shared his toil, nor given him protection.

In France there are no tythes—no church-rates—no poor-rates; taxes there are, and must be wherever there is a government; but, compared with those he is accustomed to pay, they are as 4 to 40; nay, taking the circumstances above-mentioned into the calculation, I do not believe they are more than as 4 to four score: they have copied the most grievous of our impositions—they have a land-tax, a window-tax, and taxes upon luxury---the latter not a whit more accommodating than exactions of a similar description in England; but, taken together, the aggregate but just exceeds the sixth part of a man's rent-roll, i. e. 3s. 6d. in the pound.

What is the inference from all this? that France is the more eligible country in which to fix our abode? --- Unquestionably not --- the country is fine---the climate is delectable and salubrious---the people are gentle, affectionate, amiable---plenty abounds---taxation is easy---

and

and neither tythes, poor-rates, nor church-rates are exacted; and, to crown the whole, every man serves his maker according to the dictates of his own conscience, without penalty, and without fear---what then do you want more you will say?---why, only one little circumstance more, which gives zest to every advantage, and, without which, all that we can possess is nothing---a circumstance which Britain proudly boasts, and which, I trust, it will boast till time shall be no more---a circumstance which has given it commerce, trade, manufactures, and will maintain them in their envied pre-eminence as long as it shall last. While the sword peaceably rests in the scabbard, the valetudenarian may seek, within the precincts of the republic, the health which the fogs and the intemperance of his native isle have impaired---the man of science and observation may go thither to improve his taste by studying the remains of accomplished antiquity---and, he who courts relaxation, may amuse himself with novelty and variety, and circulate a few of his superfluous guineas;---but, he who is determined at all events, be the consequence what it may, to canvass all the proceedings of the political circles---to cavil at every thing he does not approve or comprehend, and sound the whoop of tyranny and oppression as often as the exigencies of the state demand supplies, had better stay at home---France is not the country

in which freedom of speech is tolerated; one sovereign specific cures all curiosity---hushes all grumbling---silences every complaint. Law is reduced within a very small compass; there is no need there of "Statutes Abridged;" *Sic Volo* of the grand consul has power to solve all difficulties---to quiet all the qualms of judge and jury ---to constitute right or wrong; under a military government, person and property are held in a sort of vassalage, and, as often as the one or the other are convenient to the haughty tyrant, who sits exalted upon the shoulders of the crouching multitude, the prayers, the tears of the widow and the fatherless become insignificant as the drops of the morning, or the sighing of the breeze; nay, should those hapless unfortunates, presuming upon the righteousness of their cause, dare to become sulky, or clamorous---though there be no bastile wherein to encage them till they have learnt not to trouble their superiors with their idle and impertinent wrongs, yet there are other modes of reducing clamour to taciturnity equally effectual at hand. He, therefore, who sets a value proportioned to its worth upon the system of rights which his forefathers nobly wrested from a tyrant's hand---who defies even power to wrong him till his peers have given it leave---who can neither be taxed nor judged but by his peers---who glories in a constitution to which the prince and the peasant

peasant are equally amenable, will never think of bartering privileges like these for aught the continent can give him. What matters it that I can purchase lands cheaply as above stated—that my husbandmen toil for ten-pence per day—that provisions are 50 per cent. lower than in Britain—that taxation is easy—church-rates and tythes gone to their own place—and the poor maintained as they ought to be—if I have no security from injury—if I dare not exert the privilege which the God of nature gave me—if the breath of a tyrant may annihilate my fortune in a moment—reduce me to beggary, confine me in a dungeon where my complaints cannot be heard, or send me across the Atlantic to delve in the bogs and morasses of Cayenne?—All, all I possess besides is nothing—it is security, the darling of my soul, which renders what I attain worth enjoying:—take from me my security, and you deprive me of that which *is more valuable* than my life—it is security which gives the spur to my industry—it is security which cherishes the adventurous spirit of commerce—it is security which enables me to look forward to old age with cheerfulness and hope—and if I must resign my security I would as soon live in awe of the bowstring as of the guillotine. What is it that has introduced so many valuable arts and manufactures into Britain?—Security. What is it even now which here gathers together as in one focus,

men

men of science and experiment from every civilized region of the earth?—Security. Why do they fix upon Britain rather than their native countries, for developing their discoveries? Because in Britain only can they reap in security the reward of their labours: and while security shall be extended as hitherto, to person and property—while fortune and life are held not of the capricious will of a despot, but of the will of a nation, generous and just, though sometimes the dupe of accomplished craft, France will in vain endeavour to enter into competition with it. —It may spread abroad all its allurements—it may lay every possible restraint upon British merchandize, and endeavour to seduce its manufacturers from the comfort and luxury in which they live—but in vain—till it offers them a government a-kin to the British—till the torpifying influence of despotism ceases to palsy and to affright exertion, it must be content to move on as it has done, and hold its sceptre over a herd of impoverished slaves! Britons will turn away from the gilded bait, nor sacrifice the solid realities they possess to any Utopian visions with which French philosophy may endeavour to beguile them.

One anecdote may serve to illustrate the truth of these positions, and calm the fears of those who

who tremble for the arts and manufactures of their native isle.

There was in London not long since, he may be there *now*, a French gentleman, soliciting a patent for the exclusive advantage of some capital improvement in the art of making cables.—He had established a manufactory in France—but the moment that peace opened the access to this country, he came over for the purpose above stated. Being questioned how under all the local advantages which France possesses, he chose rather to establish himself *here* than *there*, his answer was striking.—"It is the security which England extends to all which determined him to fix upon it as the theatre of his exertions. At home, is there a fleet (says he) to be fitted out with dispatch—it matters not that my total ruin may be the consequence—my whole stock in trade is instantly laid under requisition—months and years of solicitation for payment may be unavailing:—when my connections are passed into other channels my family is reduced to poverty, and my patience exhausted; I may account myself happy if I can obtain of the minister of the marine the half of my demand, and perhaps am mocked with an order of government (like the proprietors of the late Rue de Necaise) for lands in St. Domingo by way of payment."

The

The case must be the same wherever the product of a manufactory may be necessary to the plans of the first magistrate; and under such circumstances it is needless to say, that it can never flourish to any alarming extent. Attachment to the natale solum, and ignorant and bigoted prejudices against every man who is not a Frenchman, may retain at home what manufacturers it already possesses, and carry on a languid trade; but men of desperate fortunes alone, will join them from other countries—it would be insanity to translate either capital or talents, even from Prussia into France; and equally insane is the emigration of him whose sole fortune is his hands—encouragement like that he meets at home he must no where hope to find. In France it is absolutely impracticable to find it. A Frenchman has neither talent nor temper for business—he has no conception of system—he knows nothing of the division of labour—his workshop is a perfect chaos—all his means are employed to the greatest possible disadvantage—and he quits his trade precisely at the moment when it begins to be most improveable;—of course while the Englishman sells you a decent broad cloth at one guinea the yard, the Frenchman cannot furnish one of equal quality at less than one guinea and a half; and were the wages of labour in the one country equal to the wages

of

of labour in the other, he could not sell it for less than 50 per cent. more.

With every advantage which the country presents unto him, the French mechanic pines in poverty — his temperance alone preserves him from starving; and as those who toil on the western shores of the channel are not remarkably addicted to temperance, they cannot make a more egregious mistake than when they suppose they shall better their condition by emigration. Of the hundreds who have made the experiment, I question if there be a dozen who have not bitterly lamented it.

At the Gobelin Tapestry Manufactory, the highest wages given are three shillings and sixpence per diem; by fair analogy in common manufactories not more than one can be gained. Those then that are about to make the experiment, will do well to ask themselves before they move, can they live on one shilling per diem?—true, provisions are cheap in the provinces, but not in the manufacturing towns.—At Rouen, beef is four-pence per pound---this is but half the price of it in England; but then but one third of the wages are to be earned---consequently there is a balance of one-third against the labourer.

At Paris we remained about ten days, and though highly gratified with the beauties which it contains, its deformities were so predominant that without regret we quitted it. The route from hence to Calais has been a thousand times described: of it I have nothing more to say.

THE END.

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